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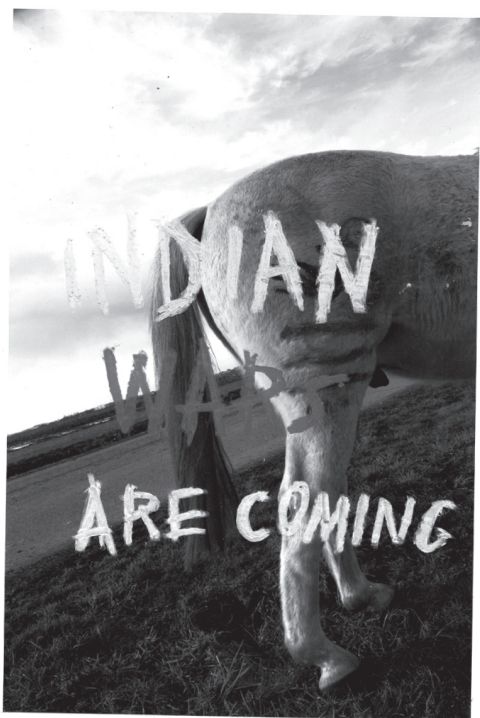
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YOU'VE ALL ASKED FOR IT AND NOW IT HAS ARRIVED!!!!

Well, not really but this guy BEN who is putting together this rag here, **STENCIL TISSUE** or whatever he calls it is a pain in the ass. Okeh okeh mebbe I'm a couple of weeks late but what the heck! Hello Ben! So here is our ad for the sensashunal new **INDIAN WARS** LP! It's so fresh and new that I dont even have the artwork ready! But the record will be out on April 15th and it's better than most of the crappy art-fart jangle pop records you have at home in your Expedit (TM) bookcase. Last year we went berzerk while listening to **MOONHEARTS**, **DEAD GHOSTS**, **ESTROGEN HIGHS** and a lot of crap hyped on Termbo, but here's your first fave record of 2011! After releases on **PSYCHIC LUNCH**, **MAMMOTH CAVE** and of course **BACHELOR** here is the debut full lenght, housed in a heavy gatefold sleeve. We even have some special deals for you CANADA people so you dont have to cry because of the ridiculously high shipping costs. Try us! And our webshop. This release is limited to 500 copies.

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WELCOME TO THE TWELFTH ISSUE OF STANDARD ISSUE TRAINWRECK-OF-A-MAGAZINE!!! I know this zine's totally retarded, and I promise the rest of this issue'll be no exception, but I wanna be serious for a minute in this introduction.

Here in Canada/The US, we've got it pretty good compared to most of the world. We can ride a crowded city bus without worrying about suicide bombers. Our kids won't die of minor illnesses or infections, let alone starvation. The women here don't have to walk for hours every day to get drinking water we North Americans wouldn't even feed our dogs -- in fact, we have so much perfectly clean drinking water, we literally shit and piss in it and flush it down the sewer.

That said, shit's still pretty fucked up over here. Our governments are stuffed past their limit with a bunch of self-serving assholes who care more about what restaurant the tax-funded catering for today's meeting's coming from than whether or not a family of four living in their own ward can afford to feed themselves AND live indoors. Then you've got the multi-million and multi-billion and several-trillion dollar corporations; these guys probably hate humans even more than the governments do. And everyone's given up even TRYING to hide the fact that these soulless corporations not only have more power than citizens, but actually hold a bloated, disgusting, morbidly obese amount of sway over the governments.

And it's only getting worse. (And when our governments in the "free" world are a bunch of goldbricking assholes, that's not just bad news for us; that's REALLY bad news for developing countries and the third world, too, no strangers to the shit end of the western world's stick.) Corporations and government have more and more control over our lives everyday, and you'd be pretty hard-pressed to find two entities that give less of a shit about our basic well-being than that.

Between the two of them, governments and corporations have made sure that our lives look something like this: We come home exhausted from working too many hours for too-little pay so we can afford all the useless shit the corporations have convinced us we need, and so we can pay all the new bullshit taxes the governments dreamt up for us. We eat the shitty, nutritionally-raped food from the grocery chains -- all that mutant garbage the government allows the corporations to feed us, the cheapest shit on the shelves, the only shit the average family can afford.

Between the work, the commute to the suburbs, and the non-nourishing corporate food-garbage we eat, we're only left with enough time and energy to flop on our couches and watch the kinda TV the corporations and the government WANT us watching: the kind that keeps us retarded and ignorant. Jersey Shore. Real Housewives. CSI.

On top of that, our governments are becoming more-and-more opaque. They're barely pretending to be democracies anymore. (And why should they have to? They've got most people believing what they WANT us to believe: that capitalism IS democracy.) So even if we had the time and the energy to participate (as is our RIGHT, as is our RESPONSIBILITY in a democracy), it's pretty damn hard. No one even knows what's going on. No one has the time. No one has the energy. No one knows HOW. The governments are stoked. The corporations are stoked. The citizens are broke and obese.

That's what's made watching what's been happening in the Arab world across North Africa so awesome. Mobs of pissed off, once-powerless citizens flooding their streets and taking their countries back from the entitled, worthless, corrupt, violent, oppressive, barely-human garbage that've held them under their thumbs for decades.

If these people were willing to risk their lives to get a taste of freedom, maybe we can learn from them in a tiny way, and do THE VERY LEAST WE CAN DO with the freedom we in North America still have (for now), and that we take for granted. And what's the first step towards the very least we can do? Writing e-mails or letters to the governments and to the corporations whenever they do something shitty to let them know that we're doing exactly what they don't want us to: we're paying attention, and we're acting on our anger. Letter writing might not seem like much, but that shit still works. The rule of thumb's always been: for every one person that bothers to write a letter about an issue, you can assume there are about 5000 more who feel the same way, but didn't bother to write. So your letter, to those government and corporate assholes, is more like 5000 letters.

And for governments and corporations that are pretty stoked right now on what kinda heinous shit they're getting away with without a PEEP from the public, a few letters tricklin in might make them feel like they're being watched again, like they're accountable. It's literally the LEAST you can do. So if we're not gonna smash the state anytime soon, let's at LEAST do that. (But, seriously, let's keep workin toward smashing the state, cuz that would be AWESOME.)

You may be sitting at home reading this and scoffing, but chances are, you're doing absolutely NOTHING but complaining about this shit to a bunch of people who already agree with you. And if you ARE doing more than letter-writing already, that's awesome. But I'm sure you know you're a minority. Keep trying to recruit more like-minded people. Studies have shown people are FAR more likely to be actively political when they are tight with at least one or two other people who are.

The only way we can remind these government assholes that THEY work for US, is if we actually remind OURSELVES of that every once in a while.

If you're lookin for a place to start, you can let Canada's and the State's federal governments know what utter, balls-less, inhuman, contemptible pieces of shit they are for not voting to declare Libya a no-fly zone the MINUTE it became obvious Moammar Gadhafi was gonna start using his war planes to slaughter Libyan civilians and the rebels that had him and his regime on the ropes.

Start there, and keep going. There's no shortage of sketchy bullshit to give those assholes all sorts of e-mail and letter hell about.

Alright, back to being retarded. -- BEN JENSEN

STANDARD ISSUE FIRE-BREATHING HIPPY-KILLING CHILD-HATING TRAINWRECK-OF-A-MAGAZINE #12 WAS MADE BY THIS BUNCH OF SCUZZES:

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<http://www.standardissuemag.com>

STANDARD ISSUE is based outta Ottawa, Canada. It comes out every three months (give or take). We print about two-thousand copies per issue. Go ahead and submit content to us if you want, but it'll only get printed if you're really fuckin talented (ie: you can spell swear words properly or draw barf real good). If you send us a letter, that means you're cool with it being published. Don't be an asshole and copy anything in this zine in whole or in part without our permission. If anything in here upsets you, don't sue us. We don't have anything you'd want anyway.



NISHISTORY!

Written by Musquaunquot "Musky" Rice and illustrated by Ben Jensen.

So I decided to be the token Indian and write about more Indian stuff. This is an attempt at a short history of (contemporary) Aboriginal people (with a First Nations focus) in what's now called Canada.

Also be aware that the term "Aboriginal" is a colonialist term that encompasses the Inuit, the Métis, and the vast number of peoples contained in the umbrella term 'First Nations'. I could do an entire article on that alone and I've already got a feeling that this one's gonna be in 4 pt font to fit in the magazine...if I get it in ON TIME (lazy Indian... we should also do an article on stereotypes sometime). ANYWAY...

SWEET
POTATOES!

"PRE-HISTORY"

Historians and archaeologists say that First Nations came to North America around anywhere from 40,000 to 15,000 years ago. Most Nations say they originated here. Who you gonna believe? Some stuffy old asshole with leather patches on their elbows or the straight shit from the horse's mouth? Side note: the North American horse disappeared at the end of the Pleistocene Epoch. Dr. Whitebeard there will also tell you that the Paleo-Indians killed them off.

We are taught that history here began in 1492 but anyone with a mind of their own usually finds that to be the first lie in the compendium of misinformation that are the history books

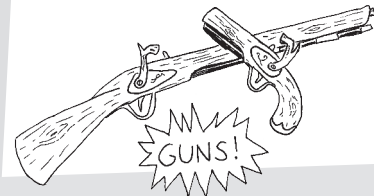
written about our people. Polynesians and South Americans were hanging out thousands of years ago (research the sweet potato) for example. Those histories and those of other cultural interaction between the "New World" and others still exist among the people involved. Can't tell you 'bout it though. Super secret.

The past 500 years have been a blip in the vast histories of our peoples. Today we're going to talk about the contemporary history but if you wanna learn some real shit, ask some old folks to tell you our stories.

Also, if you ask the Mormons (don't ask the Mormons), Jesus visited the Americas back in the day to spread the gospel.

EARLIEST (CONTEMPORARY) CONTACT

Some Vikings came over up North a little while back and were all, "hey we like this climate and these fish. Let's set up shop." They hung out for a while and may or may not have gotten into fights with some Inuit (or possibly the now-murdered Beothuk) and eventually abandoned their settlements. Then (ignoring what went on down South) some Europeans came over and fished and traded a bit.



EARLY COLONIAL PERIOD

A short while later, the French came over and were all, "oh hai we liek ur furz" and the Indians said "k cool we likes ur gunz n metal toolz. Tradesies?" Then the French said, "p.s. we don't like those English guys. U gots our backs if we fight 'em?" and some Indians said, "ya sure just help us fight some of these guys." The same thing went on between the English and other First Nations. The French also brought over some dudes in black robes who had a pretty rough time converting people to their religion but were successful when French policy dictated that guns could not be traded with non-converted Indians. So people were all, "oh yeah praise Jesus and Mary and all that. Guns, let's go."

PUNK ROCK COLUMBIA!

Written by Dave Secretary.

In Medellin and Bogota I was lucky enough to talk to a few informative locals about Colombia's punk history, and I even took some notes for this fucking article, but I've managed to lose everything and am currently relying on some scribbled band names on a stained piece of paper some dude with a shitty attitude gave me at the Black Sheep (in Medellin, not Wakefield); a page from a notebook containing some corrections I learned from a former hostel owner with a huge record collection in Barranquilla; and a link to a Geocities website that obviously doesn't fucking exist anymore.

While in Colombia I tried to find out if there were any real punk rock shows I could attend, but they don't seem to happen all that often, and when they do they're supposedly in the 'bad part of town,' an expression that apparently carries vastly different connotations

than it would in, say, Philly or New York. Then again, I was a clueless white foreigner so maybe there were a billion shows happening and I was mindfully kept out of the loop.

Nonetheless I'm going to attempt a really brief run-down of what I learned about the punk rock scene in Colombia. It seems as though South America in general jumped into hardcore punk a little bit later than other continents, and as a result, punks didn't really make an appearance in Colombia until the early '80s in Medellin. Due to violence arising from drug trafficking and political corruption, most punks had to stay underground and very little happened during these first few formative years. In some cases, punks were actually seen as a legitimate threat because they wouldn't take sides, and I heard a lot of dark mumbling about federally-

employed contract killers and weird shit like that.

In the mid '80s, bands started getting their shit together and an underground movement began. Dozens of hardcore punk bands began playing secret shows and a handful of demo tapes and zines began to circulate (I was shown copies of a zine called NUEVA FUERZA which looked pretty awesome). Around '88, several 7" records made their way into the hands of the public. Some of the better known bands like PICHURRIAS, RASIX, IDEAS REVOLUCION ADOLESCENT, BASTARDOS SIN NOMBRE, CRIMEN IMPUNE, RESTOS DE TRAGEDIA, HERPES and GUERRA BACTERIOLOGICA gave Medellin a solid foundation for a functioning and honest punk scene which paved the way for what seems to be commonly referred to as 'the golden era' of Colombian hardcore punk — a period roughly between

1989 and 1992 when the scene, the music, the people and the ideals all fell into the same stride. Comp tapes surfaced, our continent began to take notice, and punk started to spread to other Colombian cities. A lot of the music from this era is pretty much perfect hardcore punk: gritty, fast, earnest, angry noise that — musically at least — parallels a lot of the early '80s hardcore in North America. Most of these records are available online at this point and worth checking out. Some of the original bands, like I.R.A., are actually still putting out albums that have gotten progressively shittier over the years, a statement which seems to hold true for a lot of the Colombian punk bands that emerged throughout the nineties. I have no fucking idea what's going on with Colombian punk rock today, or with Colombian music in general. I think that pop star with the fat voice and the butterface is from there.





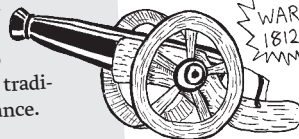
MIDDLE COLONIAL PERIOD

Things got pretty crazy up in these parts, what with the trading, fighting, and politics (always the goddamn politics) but despite a fair bit of fightin' going on, there were a lot of sweet hangs among various First Nations and colonial nations. One consequence of the fur trade was the birth of the Métis people. And that's another topic in itself.

A very important side note: A whole lot of Indians died from diseases beginning with initial contact (estimates of population loss range from an improbable 50% up to 90-95%), and this went on until the early 1900s when populations finally began to rebound. Still battling some diseases but yes, that too is another topic in itself.

LATER COLONIAL PERIOD

Many factors, including Native depopulation and massive settler influx, support the argument that the War of 1812 was Native North America's last chance to influence the geopolitical make-up of the continent. In a Northeastern colonial context under a Canadian lens, take special note of the pan-Indian alliance led by the Shawnee Tecumseh (with spiritual support of his half-brother Tenskwatawa) which — at the time — was unprecedented in size and ultimately grew to include the Brits (shame that Tecumseh's alliance is largely unrecognized for its role in protecting Canada from US expansion, considering that a lot of Canadians take it as a point of pride that they are not part of the USA). Indians were excluded from postwar negotiations, a further insult to those newly allied with the British, as many of those nations were previously military and trade allies with the French, who generally respected Indian tradition in regard to treaty/alliance.



WAR OF 1812!

THE DARK AGES

This era can be defined by forced relocation, attempts at assimilation or outright extermination, and last-ditch attempts at maintaining land and autonomy. The age of the heroes such as Pitikwahanapiwiyn, Goyaalé, Aazhawigiizhigokwe, Thathánka iyotake, Riel, and countless others. A lasting legacy of this period in contemporary Canada is that of the residential school system. But that's (say it with me, folks) another topic in itself.



TODAY

I ran out of room here. Email me and suggest some contemporary shit you want to hear about. Continuing in the vein of the previous section, check out Web Kinew's "Heroes" for a glimpse at the stories of some of our modern-day heroes

Wow. This topic was way too ambitious to try and address in a few words and I've totally misrepresented everyone here. Please send hate mail, corrections, and suggestions for further topics to: mskwaan@gmail.com

GNARLY GNEWS!

SOME CRAZY SHIT THAT'S BEEN IN THE NEWS LATELY.

BURGULARS SNORT CREMATED MAN'S ASHES

By JANE SUTTON, Reuters

MIAMI - Burglars snorted the cremated remains of a man and two dogs in the mistaken belief that they had stolen illegal drugs, Florida sheriff's deputies said Wednesday.

The ashes were taken from a woman's home in the central Florida town of Silver Springs Shores on Dec. 15. The thieves took an urn containing the ashes of her father and another container with the ashes of her two Great Danes, along with electronic equipment and jewelry, the Marion County Sheriff's Office said.

Investigators learned what happened to the ashes after they arrested five teens in connection with another burglary attempt at a nearby home last week.

"The suspects mistook the ashes for either cocaine or heroin. It was soon discovered that the suspects snorted some of the ashes believing they were snorting cocaine," the sheriff's report said.

Once they realized their error, the suspects discussed returning the remaining ashes but threw them in a lake instead because they thought their fingerprints were on the containers, sheriff's spokesman Judge Cochran said.

Police divers were trying to recover the ashes. The suspects were jailed on numerous burglary and other charges.

WOUNDED FOX SHOTS WOULD-BE KILLER

By AMIE FERRIS-ROTMAN, Reuters

MOSCOW - A wounded fox shot its would-be killer in Belarus by pulling the trigger on the hunter's gun as the pair scuffled after the man tried to finish the animal off with the butt of the rifle, media said on Thursday.

The unnamed hunter, who had approached the fox after wounding it from a distance, was in hospital with a leg wound, while the fox made its escape, media said, citing prosecutors from the Grodno region.

"The animal fiercely resisted and in the struggle accidentally pulled the trigger with its paw," one prosecutor was quoted as saying.

Fox-hunting is popular in the picturesque farming region of northwestern Belarus which borders Poland.

ALBINO MP FEARS FOR HIS LIFE

DAR ES SALAAM: Tanzania's first elected albino member of parliament, Salum Khalfan Barwany, fears his life could be in danger in the East African country, where albino-hunters kill their victims and use their blood and body parts for witchcraft. At least 59 albinos have been killed since 2007 in Tanzania and their body parts sold, especially in gold mining areas, where superstition is rife.

MAN KILLED BY ARMED ROOSTER

THE ASSOCIATED PRESS

A man who was at an illegal cockfight in central California died after being stabbed in the leg by a bird that had a knife attached to its own limb, officials confirmed Monday.

TAT-TOO MUCH!

Written by Ben Jensen,

illustrated by Curtis Delaney.

Cock your head to the side and start smackin your raised ear. Smack it until anything you know about tattoos gets knocked from your brain and oozes out the other ear, landing in a sloppy pile of dolphins, Celtic knots, Chinese characters, tribal bullshit and any other fad garbage that's made tattoos as safe and boring as a Ken doll's junk.

Done? Now take a look with fresh eyes and re-appreciate how gnarly a tattoo really is: it's something you get stabbed into your skin to permanently alter your body so it has a fucking *DRAWING* on it. Isn't that *INSANE*? Here it is again, in *italics* now, just in case the gnarliness didn't sink in the first time: *a tattoo is something you get stabbed into your skin to permanently alter your body so it has a fucking DRAWING on it.* It hurts, it's permanent, and it makes people think bad things about you. Who would do that crazy shit to themselves?

Well, once upon a time (back when things were awesome), it would've only been sailors, criminals, carnies, and other misfits. These days (where everything's corporatized, played out, and forced to wear a helmet), it's any moron with access to a credit card and whatever channel airs bullshit like LA Ink.

Tattoos are so common now, North America's gonna sink into the ocean under the weight of all the human flesh permanently coloured-in to look like what your average Old Navy-wrapped, Mountain Dew-soaked, Facebooking sack of human garbage thinks is "good".

Getting tattooed's become a pretty safe, boring and accepted move. Unless you go nuts, it's not gonna affect your job opportunities, or what old people think of you, or your chances of getting a social disease, or adopting a foreign kid to impress the neighbors, or whatever other tired bullshit normal 9-to-5 pussies with streaked hair and Hollister shirts worry about. As far as 'freakin out the norms' goes, a tattoo's probably at about the same level as longboarding.

And that sucks. The world's gone soft enough as it is, we don't need its marshmallow paws dragging tattoos down with it. Let's get this shit back to the way it was a couple generations ago, when getting a tattoo would completely X you from 'polite' society until the day you died some early and seedy death. Back when having a tattoo was some dangerous, outrageous, bad-ass, thrilling, chilling, outsider, scumbag type shit. The kinda guys who had tattoos back then knew how to fight, knew how to drink, and probably did some real dirty shit pretty regularly (read: they were rad and you're not).

But how are we gonna bring it back? Lame tattoos aren't like other fads that just end up as bad memories or landfill. Tattoos are permanent. Unless you shell out for laser surgery — people used to pay money to see heavily tattooed women; do you think now they'll chip in to laser a few tramp stamps? No, people are cheap. Here's what we gotta do:

We gotta 'untattoo' a BUNCHA tattoos. So, from now on, the following tattoos are so common and so lame, that they're no longer considered tattoos, they've been downgraded to 'birthmark':



CHINESE CHARACTERS, TRIBAL BULLSHIT, BARB WIRE, ARM BANDS, TRAMP STAMPS, DOLPHINS, ETC....

Anybody with half a clue already knows these tattoos are the absolute bottom-of-the-barrel, so I'm not gonna waste time on them. (And if you've been waiting excitedly for me to start raggin on these ones, you're a different kinda clueless, and probably have at least one of the other tattoos I'm gonna be canceling.)

If you're not sure which tattoos are on this list, head to the busiest, mega-est Walmart you can find (the farther away from any city, the better). The first 53 tattoos you see in there are the list. They are the 53 most played-out tattoos in the world. Don't get 'em, and if you got 'em, you don't, cuz they officially don't count as tattoos anymore.

TATTOOS YOU GOT CUZ YOU'D BEEN SEEING THEM ON OTHER PEOPLE AND THOUGHT THEY LOOKED COOL:

This is basically what I was just talking about. Fad tattoos. So here's the rule: if you've ever been walkin down the street and randomly seen someone with a tattoo that's basically the same as one you've got, that's a two-for-one Don't Count: you guys BOTH lost a tattoo that day.

This rule's gonna wipe out all the butterflies on backs, all the dolphins on ankles, all the chains on biceps... ALL that shit. Tattoo massacre.

Bro tattoos and gang tattoos are the exception to this rule, obviously... oh and so is shit like the Black Flag logo...and traditional shit like anchors and bird cages and daggers. Those shits are like Chuck Taylors and Wayfarers — no matter how many of them you see in a day, they just magically keep from gettin old. So those are exceptions.

Y'see? I'm TOUGH, but I'm fair. These rules are here to help, not hinder. Let's move on.

SHAMROCKS, CELTIC KNOTS/CROSSES, CLADDAGHS:

Oh you're part Irish? You and literally EVERY OTHER WHITE PERSON ON EARTH. This is not some exclusive club. If you're white, you don't need a tattoo to let people know you're Irish. Your pasty white flesh is the full-body 'hey guys, I'm Irish' tattoo you didn't even have to overpay some tattoo "studio" artist for.

TATTOOS WITH BULLSHIT MEANINGS:

"My grandma died when I was only like eight? Y'know? And one of my best memories of her was when we were like walking in the park? And we saw this butterfly, and it came like so close to us, and it was a magical moment. And then, like, last week, I got a ticket for parking my Vibe in front of a hydrant for seven hours while I got my hair streaked, y'know, and it didn't turn out as good as I wanted and it was like the WORST day on EARTH, y'know? But then I all-of-a-suddenly felt this calm come over me, and I looked over and saw a butterfly. And I knew it was my grandma's spirit, and she was like looking over me and letting me know everything would be alright, y'know? It gave me the strength to carry on. So I got this butterfly tattoo on my ankle."

That's bullshit. You just wanted to get a tattoo on your ankle. But for some reason you thought people would call you out on it if there wasn't some deep "meaning" behind it. Well, they're not. This isn't grade eight. It's not like when the class nerd shows up one day wearing an LA Raiders Starter jacket, so everyone starts quizzin him on who plays

what position and 'didja catch the game on Tuesday' and all that stuff to call him out on his obvious bullshit. No. Nobody gives enough of a flying fuck about your boring tattoo to quiz you about it. Assigning bullshit meanings to your tattoos ("each of these flowers represents one of my kids" is another big one) is, in itself, bullshit. So those tattoos don't count anymore.

For the record: the only people (besides uptight assholes) who feel strongly that every tattoo should have a deep meaning are people WITHOUT any tattoos. Kinda like how a teenage virgin thinks it's only acceptable to have sex with someone who looks like the girls in his Maxim, but a guy who's had sex at least once'll fuck just about anything as long as he thinks he can walk away from it with the same amount of STDs and kids he had going in. If you've got tattoos, getting another one's no big deal. It's like: "What's that? You and your buddy are wasted and you wanna see who can tattoo the grossest picture of any two 60 Minutes hosts doing it? Alright, I think there's some room on my leg..."

**They were still in LA back then.*

TATTOOS SMALLER THAN A QUARTER:

Unless it's on your finger, dick or eyeball, that shit doesn't count anymore.

TATTOOS THAT YOU GOT CUZ YOU CAN HIDE THEM EASILY:

It used to be you had to have been raped by your uncle to be fucked up enough to get your face tattooed. Now, you just need to figure you're successful enough to never have to sit through another job interview. Rappers have 'em (Lil Wayne, The Game, Gucci Mane, Wiz Khalifa), pro skaters have 'em (Antwuan, Braydon), and Mike Tyson's got a real shitty one.

If face tattoos are getting kinda common, you know any tattoo you chose just cuz it's easy to hide when you're in the office or at grandma's ain't gonna cut it, and that pussy shit goes completely against the gnarliness of tattoos.

The kinda people who get these are the worst. In their straight-laced life, they'll hide their tattoo like it's Anne Frank, but when they're doing something "wild" like going to a Metric concert or something shitty like that, the effort they'll put into making sure you know they've got a tattoo will be the same kind a mom puts in when her kid's pinned under a truck. They'll wear their clothes funny;

they'll freeze cuz it's too cold to have bare drama-mask-tattooed shoulders; they'll make weird hand/arm gestures when they talk — whatever it takes to make that tattoo front-and-center.

Those little back-of-the-neck tattoos girls get are an example of this kinda tattoo. It might SEEM gnarly, cuz it's on the neck, but it's only there cuz it disappears when she wears her hair down. (BUT THEN, when she's got a ponytail, the poor asshole stuck behind her in line at the DMV gets to stare at her tribal whatever-the-fuck for three hours and see what a wild child she really is.)

Legs-only tattoos: same deal. At the hardware store one time, I even saw a whole family — middle-aged mom and dad, and twenty-ish son — all in shorts, t-shirts and legs-only tattoos. They looked like a family of satyrs but instead of goat legs they had ink legs. Or maybe they just looked like some scared, over-aged teenagers rebelling against their mom's "not as long as you're under my roof" rule.

Fuck your 'wild weekend' tattoo. You can take a lifelong vacation from all the stress of hiding it when you have to and showing it when you want to, cuz it's not even a tattoo anymore.

CORPORATE LOGO TATTOOS:

Believe me, I'm doing you a huge favor by canceling that Nike swoosh or BMW logo tattoo you got. Even fuckin GG ALLIN had more respect for his body than any pervert who'd turn his skin into permanent free advertising for some filthy corporation.

ANY TATTOO YOU WOULDN'T HAVE GOTTEN IF YOU THOUGHT PEOPLE MIGHT JUDGE YOU FOR HAVING ONE:

Like I already said, we're at a point now where tattoos are so common, nobody's likely to take a second look, let alone (*gasp*) JUDGE you for havin one. It's not a risky move anymore. So if — deep down inside — today's indifference to tattoos is the only reason you were comfortable and willing enough to take the plunge and get one — if you wouldn't have had the guts to get it if tattoos were rare and "risqué" again — that tattoo doesn't count anymore.

Sorry, but it's simple: I'm making these rules so we can get tattoos back to the point where they're gnarly and awesome again, and if we're gonna do that, we gotta kick that whole milque-

toast 'please don't judge me please' attitude outta the tattoo situation. Under this new world order, the only way a tattoo can count is if the person sporting it does not give one shred of a fuck.

And as for the people who are soap-boxing against discrimination of tattooed people: gimme a break. If you wanna fight discrimination, fight against the discrimination of people who're getting targeted for being BORN the way they are (y'know: race, gender, sexuality, caste, etc...). Being discriminated against cuz you had enough disposable income to CHOOSE to pay someone to decorate your arms is a first world problem if ever I heard one. Besides, if you wanna do something gnarly to yourself but you DON'T want it to rankle a buncha uptight grandmas and authority figures, you're missing the point entirely.

TASMANIAN DEVIL / CALVIN PISS-ING TATTOOS:

Psyche! Those both fuckin RULE, and dudes who have 'em are usually awesome (as long as they're not just being ironic).

NBA PLAYERS/DIRTY SOUTH RAPPERS:

I got no problem with the TATTOOS in question, here, just the sheer VOLUME. Tattoos in these two industries are SO outta hand, that neck-to-nuts is basically the new normal. So if you've only got one or two or 23 tattoos, it's like you don't have ANY. It's way too blown up. So from now on, if you're in the NBA, or are rappin outta south of the Mason-

Dixon, maybe only let the face, neck and hand tattoos count for now, then work your way back up again.

CAREER MOVE TATTOOS:

Lemme tell ya what this is: when you see some slick new corporate, auto-tuned, mallrat screamo/metalcore band all over the place and the members are all like 19-21 and COVERED in tattoos, those are Career Move Tattoos. They got those tattoos because they (and their agents and managers and label execs and stage moms) know that the tween market'll fall in love with them WAY easier if they've got tattoos. Hell, their Disney-owned label probably PAID for the tattoos and told them to go get them. They probably have an in-house tattooer.

And since nothing's less gnarly than financial planning (and fake punk/false metal), obviously these tattoos don't count anymore. This one's not limited to corporate "rock" bands though; anyone who's getting tattoos to "further their brand" gets them shits revoked.

On that note: if you're some fighter dude who got 'em to look tougher in the ring or the octagon or the YouTube screen, keep in mind: tattoos aren't just for tough guys anymore (didn't you read the depressing intro to this article?); they're also for 50-something divorcee BFFs, and pussies like Dashboard Confessional have been covered in 'em for YEARS.



Those are the only tattoos I'm gonna 'untattoo' for now. (I'm sure if I took two seconds, I could come up with WAY more.) Obviously there's room for leeway here; like, maybe there's a tattoo out there that falls into one of these categories that's gnarly enough to remain a tattoo. Like an armband that's actually really rad. Or maybe a shamrock, but it's on your face and looks like it's pissing in your mouth. That wouldn't be a COOL tattoo, but it'd be gnarly enough that no smug asshole with a zine could argue it shouldn't count.

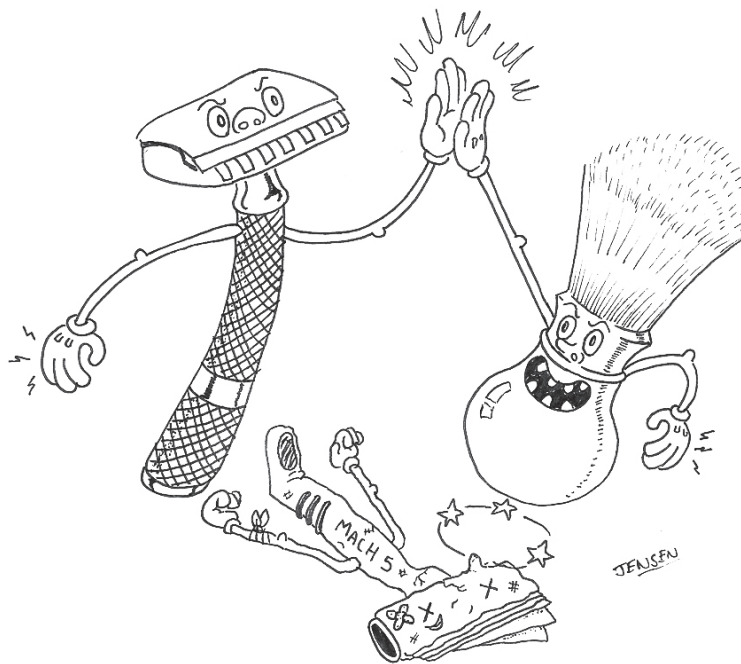
And any tattoo that's got multiple violations counts even less. So, if you had, say, a Celtic knot-style armband, it'd 'uncount' as a tattoo so bad it'd be like your arm doesn't even exist anymore. And if you had like, a tribal tramp stamp made up Chinese characters that you have a bullshit meaning for, that shit would 'uncount' so bad it'd be like you were never even born.

Also, the following tattoos will ALWAYS count: gang/prison tattoos, tattoos you got when you were wasted, tattoos you got when the tattooer was wasted, anything with swear words, stick 'n' pokes (unless you're some shithead who just got it to be 'kitschy' or 'ironic' or any other word that makes me barf in my mouth), tattoos you regret, memorial tattoos, sports team logos.



OLD TIMEY SHAVING!

Written by Andrew Payne, illustrated by Ben Jensen.



Hello. I'm your new dad and I'm going to teach you how to shave again - the old fashioned way, with brushes, soap and single-blade razors. Why would I do such a thing, you ask? Because I love you, my new son, and you make me so proud with your unfailing devotion to underground culture.

So go mix daddy a drink and I'll tell you a riveting tale about manhood, frugality and the dark side of convenience. That's right, son. Just pop an ice cube in that bottle of Scotch over there, bring it to daddy and take a seat on his lap.

Where do I begin? Hmm, uh... nope... yep... okay, basically all of that shaving cream in a can, multi-blade cartridges, all that junk, it's the equivalent of commercial pop music for your face. It doesn't require much effort or skill, it's designed to satisfy everyone yet genuinely benefit no one, and it's overpriced, too.

Daddy knows this all too well. He used to drag his feet down this sinful path of laziness until only two months ago when his double-blade razors increased in price. It was infuriating. Inside his hot, burning head he yelled, "Fuck you, 'progress'! I hate you! I don't even like shaving!" and stormed out of the pharmacy towards a barber shop. There, he realized that single blades can be had for one-tenth the price of a double-, triple-, quadruple-, quintuple- or sextet-blade cartridge -- only 30¢ to 50¢ each rather than three to five dollars.

One catch is that he had to make an upfront investment in some new gear; around \$100. First off was the old fashioned razor for \$20. It's called a double-edge safety razor, or DE razor, but don't let that "safety" word fool you, son, it can be as dangerous as a horny, ugly, socially-inept man if you don't know how to use it right. Whereas cartridges automatically give you the perfect shaving angle, blades make you figure it out for yourself. Thirty degrees is the magic angle they say to hold it at.

And if you ever do get your own DE razor, make sure it has some weight to it. A light one is just going to bounce all over the place and turn your face into some sort of fleshy, blood-covered trampline.

The next thing Daddy got was the \$40 shaving brush made of badger hair. You see, badger hair retains water and allows him to make a nice, thick shaving cream once he slaps it all over his five dollar shaving soap and \$15 shaving bowl. Plus, there's nothing more satisfying than stealing the hairs of an animal and rubbing them all over your face every morning out of spite.

Now, son, if there was ever a good time to start listening to your old man, that time is now, because I'm going to tell you how it all comes together... how it's done. So listen up, you worthless little prick!

Basically, the main point of shaving is to open the pores, soften the whiskers and keep your face all lubed up. Before you take a steamy, hot, pore-opening shower, soak your brush in a hot cup of water so it can have a nice little slurp. Also, put a small pool of water on top of your soap so it softens up real good.

Once your disgusting, naked body exits the shower you should pour the water off the shaving soap and squeeze the water out of the brush, giving it a couple of shakes. Then swish the brush around on the soap like you're beating some eggs; slap it like a horse tail kills a fly; do whatever you want, just make sure your brush is loaded with soap. Then put the brush in the bowl and, using a small bit of water, swish that brush until it starts making a nice, thick cream -- no bubbles! Bubbles bad! It means you have too much water and have to add more soap.

Now's the time to brush your face with that cream. This is important, okay? When dry, whiskers are about as strong as copper wire of the same diameter, and they stay that way when they have a coating of oil on them, as per usual. You have to get this oil off with soap so that water can penetrate the whiskers and make them soft, weak and helpless, just like you. Brush those whiskers with circular motions at first, lifting them up, then slap the cream on thick.

Once your face looks like it's been to a bukkake party it's time to start shaving. And this is where the time consumption comes in. You'll have to shave two or three times, just like they did in the old days when people had patience.

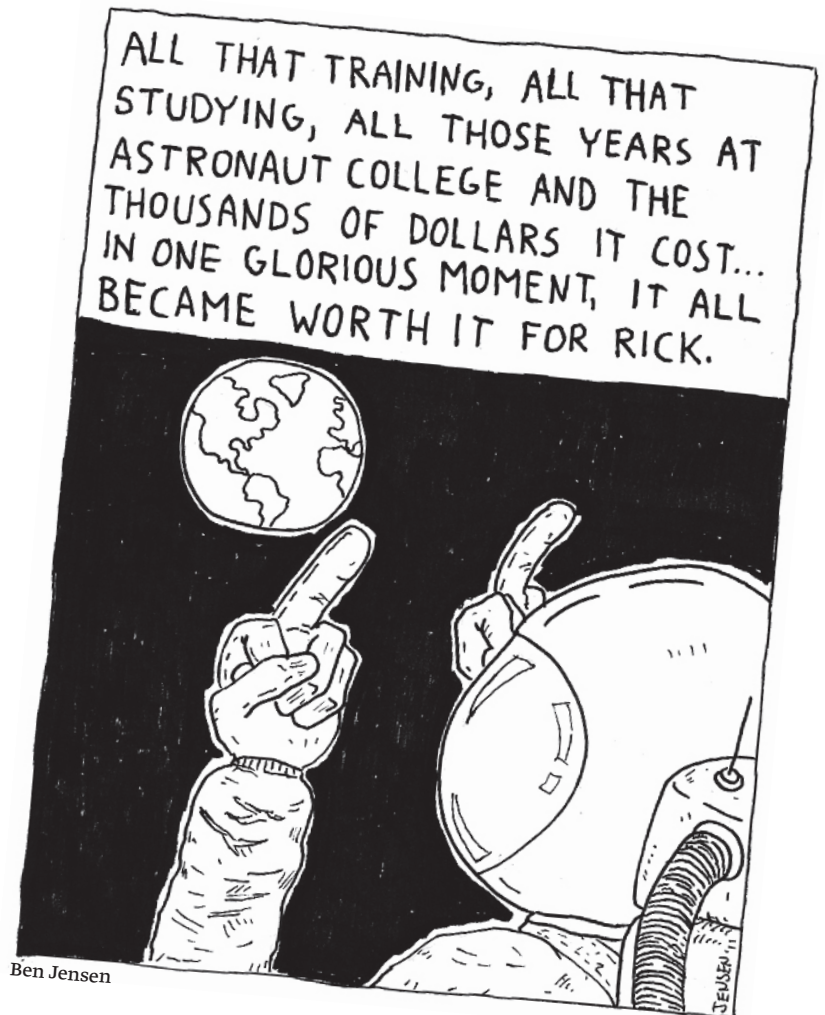
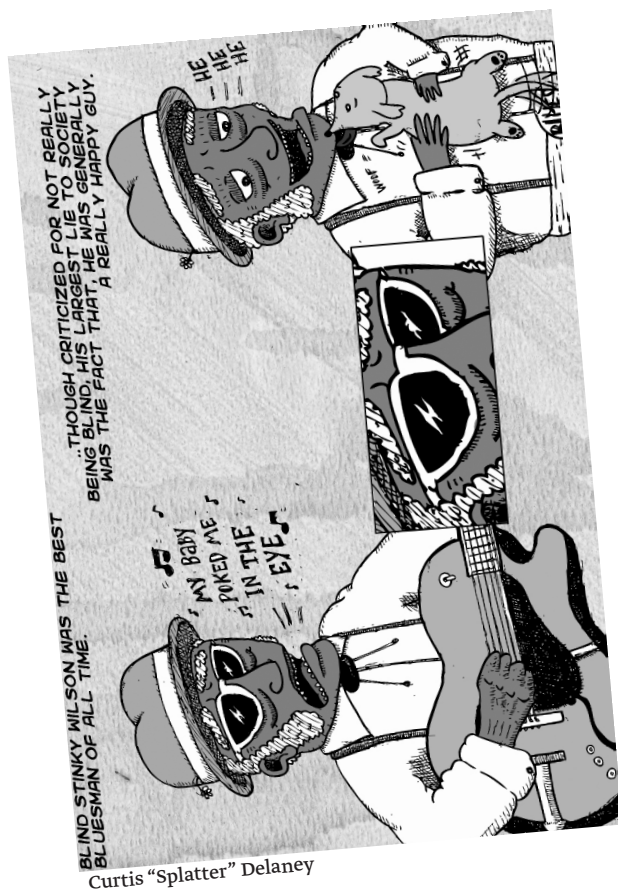
For the first pass, just go straight down with the grain. Lather up again and shave with diagonal down strokes. That should do the trick but if you're feeling courageous then lather up again and do another pass going horizontally or even upwards, against the grain. Don't worry, these razors won't give you ingrown hairs like those dastardly cartridges do.

Close up your pores with some cold water, dry off, then throw on a hefty splash of Thayers Witch Hazel. It's \$12 for a bottle, it's made from a shrub and people have been using it as an after-shave since 1847. Yeah, put a shrub on your face, it feels great.

Now, this is just the way that daddy shaves but you can do it your own way. Your face is different than mine and thank goodness that it is. The whole process takes 20 minutes or more but daddy doesn't have a steady job and he can shave all day if he wants to -- and sometimes he does, because now he loves it more than he loves you.

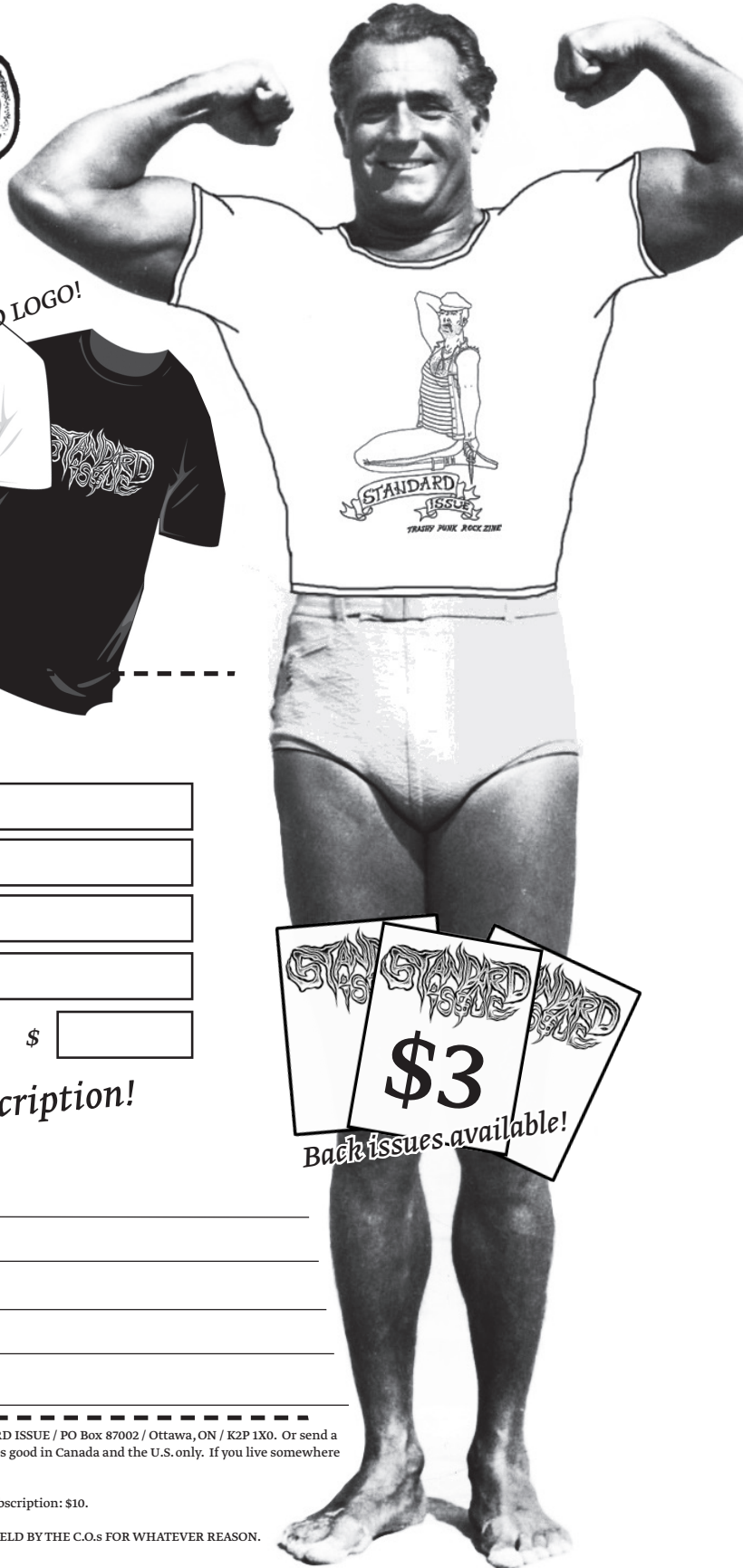


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LIQUOR STORE!

Interview by Ben Jensen and Emmanuel Sayer, intro by Ben Jensen and photographs by Pierre Richardson.

New Jersey's Liquor Store is a trashy garage punk band with a 'more guitars is more' kinda approach to noise-making. They've got members of LiveFastDie and Titus Andronicus, and they're the kinda band that makes every show a party. When their tour stopped at the Dominion Tavern here in Ottawa, they stretched their snotty trashcan styles to cock-rockish proportions with all sorts of solos and bravado and shit.

It was a good show, complete with plenty of moshing (kinda unexpected — it's not exactly a mosh band — but pretty fun, and I definitely got up in there near the end) and some ridiculous chick in a fur coat wandering around the bar all night telling anyone who'd listen she was "from LA" and asking where she could score coke (which is NOT hard to do in that part of town; it was actually kind of amazing how bad she was at it).

Anyway, Emmanuel and I did an impromptu interview after the show with Sarim (vocals and guitar; the guy on the right in the photo below) and Craig (another one of the guitars; the guy on the left in the photo below) just outside of the bathrooms in the basement of the Dom. The only other thing you gotta know is Sarim talks really fast and really Jersey, so even if he weren't hilarious (he is), he'd still be at least KINDA funny.



EMMANUEL: Liquor Store in Canada! What's up with that?

SARIM: It's sick. I'm loving it and having a great time. We made it in real easy. We got some documents and some papers.

EMMANUEL: So no problems at the border?

SARIM: Naw. Nothing. You know who got problems at the border? People from Connecticut. [Laughs]

BEN: Rich white people?

SARIM: Yeah! We saw them...

EMMANUEL: And they let you guys through...

SARIM: Yeah! They [rich white people] got like a attitude. They're like [in an impatient white guy voice] "Hey! We're from Connecticut. Can we go? Can we go here?" [Laughs] They're fucking assholes. So they obviously got strip-searched through their assholes.

EMMANUEL: So I have to ask you guys this. You guys are somewhat notorious... maybe you can tell the story about Jay Reatard's tires on his van getting slashed? [Jay Reatard's last post on Twitter was "I will give anyone a hundred bucks per tire that they pop on the band liquor stores van ! Yes I'm serious" - ed.]

SARIM: We went on tour with a metal band from Jersey and that guy [Jay Reatard] took too much drugs and was freak-

ing out and kicked us out of his house after he hit me in the head with a disco ball for no reason while I was sleeping and then I was like "Alright, peace. Let's go." And then these other guys who didn't know who he was who were in the metal band who are our friends from Jersey were like "Fuck that guy!" and slashed his tires. That's it really.

EMMANUEL: So Jay Reatard hit you with a disco ball in the head and Jersey metal guys avenged you by slashing his tires?

SARIM: Pretty much. End of story. It's not really that great of a story.

EMMANUEL: Well, it made you guys famous or infamous...

SARIM: Naw, it's a bad story. We shouldn't even talk about it.

BEN: Are you sick of people ragging on Jersey?

SARIM: Um, I don't care.

BEN: Doesn't bother you? Doesn't faze you?

CRAIG: I feel like Detroit gets ragged on a lot more.

SARIM: Yeah. Like I don't give a fuck because Jersey is like, half of television now. I didn't even know! He [Craig] was telling me about shit. He was like have you seen this Jersey show?

CRAIG: Fuck Jersey Shore! Jerseylicious is sick!

SARIM: I don't even know! I just turn on the news every morning. I mean honestly, it's not... I don't know. When I go to America I get freaked out. They should make a show about that.

BEN: About America?

SARIM: Yeah. It's boring as fuck but I just stay at home and chill but I get really freaked out when I go anywhere because they don't have any good food or the people are weird.

BEN: There's no good food in Jersey?

SARIM: No, no. Outside of Jersey. I live in New York, Jersey, that's my shit, you know? That's like a different universe. So...

EMMANUEL: Why don't you tell us about Moustache Pizza? [The Liquor Store single comes with a plain sleeve with a coupon for a free pizza at Moustache Restaurant stapled to it - ed.]



SARIM: That's my family's restaurant. We've had it for 23 years. We sell Middle Eastern food and pizza.

EMMANUEL: How many people have already started redeeming these coupons?

CRAIG: Three or four.

EMMANUEL: Is that going to piss off your parents?

SARIM: Naw, naw. They're cool with it.

BEN: You gonna reimburse 'em? With all your rock star money?

SARIM: I ain't got no money. The only money I have is Canadian.

CRAIG: The coupon is more than... This record is five dollars and a pizza is...

SARIM: I made that coupon with my father. It took both of us....

BEN: You guys are making five bucks. Your parents are making negative money.

SARIM: I own the restaurant too.

BEN: Oh, you own the restaurant!

EMMANUEL: Did you come up with the name?

SARIM: No. I'll tell you a funny story though. I was in a bar down the street from my work... around the corner and there's this guy Pauly who's like this old New York hardcore guy. He saw like the first Bad Brains show in New York and all this bullshit and he was like, you know, whatever, and he was in San Francisco back in the day and the dude from MDC, the singer from MDC...

EMMANUEL: Dave Dictor.

SARIM: Yeah, Dave Dictor. He used to sell peanut butter sandwiches on the streets for free...

EMMANUEL: Sell them for free?

SARIM: Yeah and this dude Pauly was like "Yo! Yo! Can I get a peanut butter sandwich?" and he was like "Oh! I met you last night at the show" and Pauly was like wasted as fuck so he had no idea and he's like "Really?" and Dave Dictor was like "Yeah, you punched me

in the face and called me a commie faggot!" [Laughs]

BEN: Did he seriously or was he just messing with him?

SARIM: No, it was true. So I was hanging with Pauly and he was giving me these band names. He was like [in gruff New York voice] "Yo, I gotta lot of good band names," and I was like "Really? What you got?" and he's like "Cornerstore Blacks — that's a great band name!" [Laughs] "No one had a band named that" and I was like "Pauly, that's fucking terrible. That's garbage" and he was just going on and on. It was all just stupid band names and then he said "Oh! Liquor Store! Ain't never been a band called Liquor Store. That's a pretty good name." and I was like "That's actually a pretty good name for a band" and he's like "Yeah, you can have it if you start the band." So then we started this band and it was either gonna be Shwag City Rollers, that was one name, or Liquor Store so we picked Liquor Store. I don't think Pauly even remembers that I know him anymore.

CRAIG: [To Sarim] He asked you how you came up with the name Moustache Pizza!

EMMANUEL: Yeah. Exactly.

CRAIG: [To Sarim] He didn't ask you how you came up with Liquor Store.

SARIM: Ha ha!

EMMANUEL: We don't give a shit about your band, man!

CRAIG: I never heard that story though! [Laughs]

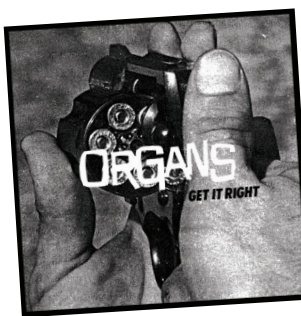
SARIM: [In a super-fast voice] Here's a quick one: my uncle opened a restaurant, he had a moustache. My cousin, he worked in there, he had a moustache. They both had a moustache. Someone came in and said "You need a name for your restaurant." They said "Oh. We both have a moustache. Moustache Restaurant."

Ben: [To Emmanuel] Are you gonna transcribe this or am I?



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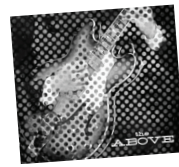
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GRAND TRINE!

Interview by Craig Proulx, photograph by Pierre Richardson.

After just barely two years as a band, Montreal's Grand Trine already have two cassettes, a 7" split, and a five song 12" under their belts, and they're quickly establishing themselves as the proto-punk darlings of a young, thriving Montreal underground scene amongst the likes of Dead Wife, Ultrathin, and Black Feelings.

I've lost track of the amount of times I've been wasted and bombarded these guys with questions, but this time I was prepared. I sat down with Tobias Rochman (bass/vocals), Shub Roy (guitar), and Raf Katigbak (drums) at their practice space to talk about a lot of things, but we were listening to the Gories so most of this is about garage rock.

CRAIG: I basically got to know you guys however many goddam years ago, through the Ottawa/Montreal/Halifax noise rock scene, but Grand Trine couldn't really be more different from that. Would you say that's part of "growing up"? At least for myself, if you're a kid into punk it's just natural to gravitate towards weirder shit once everything else gets boring.

TOBIAS: I think we're still into weirder shit, but to me everyone playing noise rock doesn't really mean they're playing weirder shit. When I was younger (especially coming from an isolated place) I thought that it was really revolutionary, but then you move to Montreal and there's a fucking noise rock band on every corner and you're not really breaking any barriers.

SHUB: I think for me as well there was a time when I thought it was a really groundbreaking and revolutionary

sound but I think what it really comes down to is focusing on something and exploring songwriting over strictly experimenting with texture and sound. Noise itself is such an interesting and essential part of rock n' roll and punk.

It's the noisier parts of the Stooges' songs that make them so interesting. Funhouse side two, man.

SHUB: The songwriting is also there though. And that's definitely what peaks your interest upon first listen.

TOBIAS: I won't lie. Playing rock n' roll music will get you laid, whether you're ugly or you suck.

Talking about everybody and their cousin having a noise rock band doesn't seem that far off from the Montreal garage rock scene these days...

TOBIAS: I feel like there's the garage rock revivalists who are trying to pull

off some Civil War reenactment type shit where these guys wear paisley and have bowl haircuts, and it's its own recreational activity to meet up and reenact this thing from the '60s. Obviously, in terms of garage rock and the underground right now, people have blown a lot of doors open, and people are doing exciting things, so I feel like there's a lot of garage crossover and a lot of it is really great, but I don't feel like we're any sort of revivalist garage rock band. I'd say we're a garage band in the same way The Fall are a garage band.

SHUB: We're certainly influenced by it, but we don't necessarily identify with it so we're not bothered by that.

TOBIAS: Don't get my wrong, we love all that shit, and we're listening to it right now. [As Raf stands up to flip to side two of House Rockin']

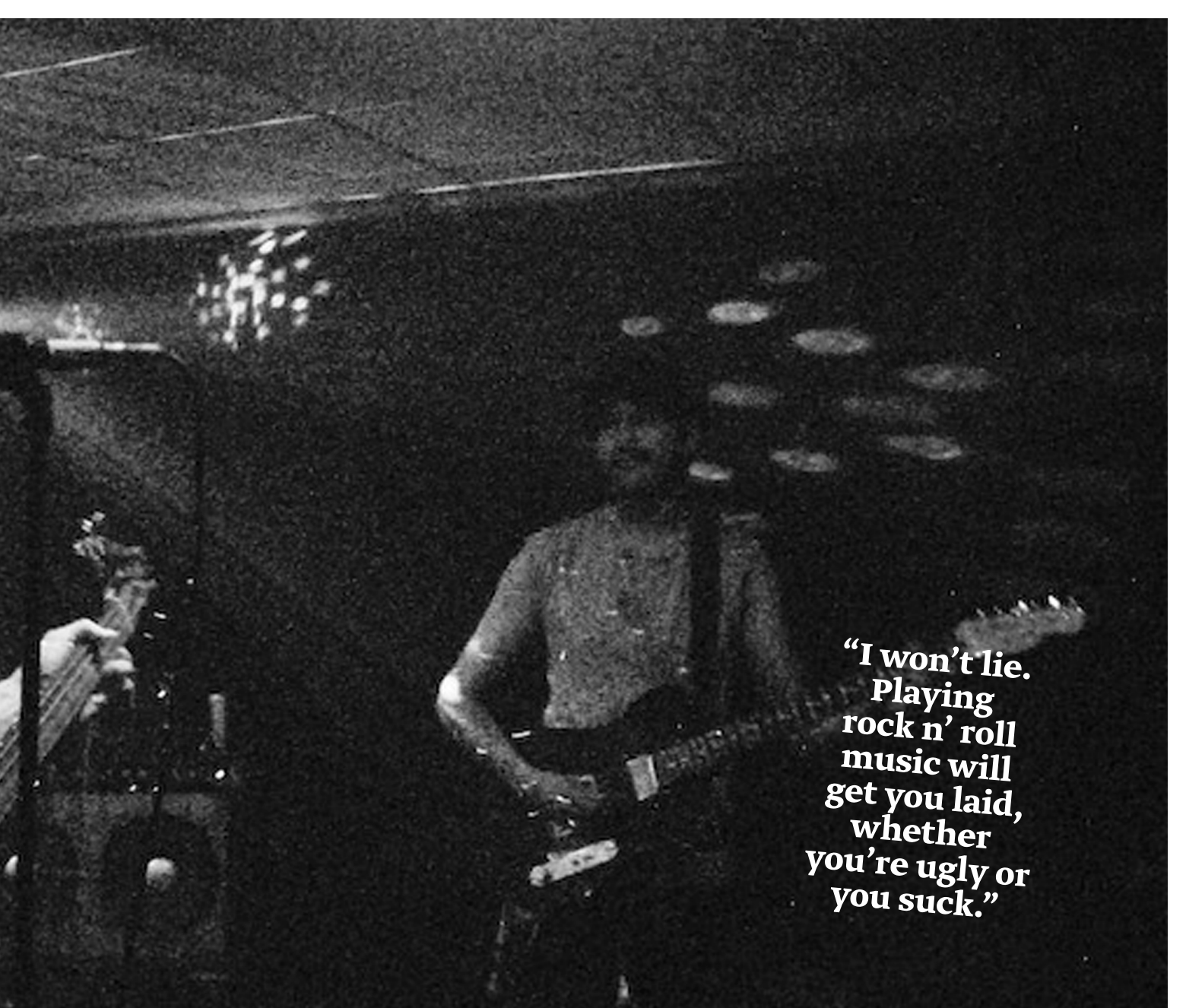
RAF: I think the other thing is that

people sort of lump us into that when they see us live, but what we do in the studio and when we write songs we try to go beyond that in a way. Playing that stuff live, we're mostly looking to capture that energy.

Like the Sonics cover band [GT did a set of Sonics tunes for a Blue Skies Turn Black anniversary party at Il Motore last year—Ed.]?

RAF: Yeah! That was awesome and a lot of fun, but not necessarily what our recorded output is like.

TOBIAS: Doing an all-Sonics set shows that we fucking love the Sonics, and we feel like we learned a lot about songwriting from those songs, but we mostly like the idea of taking on projects. Just like the Homosexual Cops remix we did, it's just a project, and we want to do the best we can. It was a really fun project and bringing in the



**"I won't lie.
Playing
rock n' roll
music will
get you laid,
whether
you're ugly or
you suck."**

saxophone and the keys was really cool. We had Annie from Les Sexareenos and Adam, our new go-to sax guy.

We've been doing 'Strychnine' for a while and I'm happy we learned all those, and we love rock n' roll but we want to contribute, not just hold our idols so high above us. We'd rather look at them as peers, cuz a lot of garage rock guys are super fucked up and they still beat their kids and live in a trailer and stuff.

...Or they're Roky Erickson. Do you think the shift from doing something a bit more skronked out like the Sun-glasses 12" to something a lot smoother like your version of the Bohemians' 'Say It' was a conscious decision to clean things up a bit? I've always felt like recording that cover was a bit of a turning point for the band.

SHUB: I don't know if we really saw it as an opportunity to clean things up,

but looking back on it, we took a different approach because it was someone else's song, but also much more laid back and patient than what we've done in the past.

RAF: Yeah, I don't know if we had that much forethought. It's not as if we were thinking, "Hey, we'll do a cover of this thing and maybe people will like us now..." it's more like this is a great song, it's got a great story to it, and I guess it ended up not sounding like anything we'd done before.

I know you sort of scraped the surface of the story behind 'Say It' when you first played it live, but do you mind expanding on that for the folks at home?

TOBIAS: The Bohemians was my dad's band. They released the single in 1967 and the singer was Johnny Monk, who played in this band The Haunted who

were pretty much Montreal's Rolling Stones. They were the first band in Montreal to grow their hair long, and played for crowds of like 5000, and essentially the Bohemians was one of those bands on the way to becoming The Haunted. Basically, they won a battle of the bands, and the prize was to record a single. So they had six hours in the studio to record two songs, but they'd never played any original material before, so the dude that ran the contest gave them a couple hours to come up with two songs, and this is what came of it. I don't know if they had riffs kicking around or anything, but the songs are definitely very rushed, and there's this urgency to it. I think they put out 300 copies or something, and now it goes for like 200 bucks on eBay now, but garage rock nerds will pay out the ass for anything that's of any sort of low-run from the '60s. There's been talk, and we've been asked to record the A-side from their single as well...

RAF: ...but maybe that's just because they hated everything else we've done. *[Everybody laughs]*

Speaking of plans to record...What's in the cards for 2011?

RAF: Right now we're in the midst of trying to record an EP.

TOBIAS: ...and this time we're actually going to tour it.

RAF: Tour the shit out of it.

When I asked Sex Church what Canadian bands were really doing it for them right now, they said Grand Trine. So with that in mind, who's getting you guys excited?

SHUB, TOBIAS and RAF: SEX CHURCH! *[Everybody laughs]*

TOBIAS: Cosmetics, Nu Sensae, Dirty Beaches, Mess Folk.

RAF: WHITE LUNG! Mainly because Mish is amazing.



NEGATIVE APPROACH!

Interview by Emmanuel Sayer, introduction by Ben Jensen, photos provided by Negative Approach.

"I didn't PLAN this." "I was drunk." "It just HAPPENED." Those are normally excuses for one of two things: a) sticking your dick in someone you normally wouldn't wanna stick your dick in; or b) getting a dick stuck in you by someone you normally wouldn't let stick a dick in you.

In Emmanuel's case, it was c): interviewing Detroit '80s hardcore legends NEGATIVE APPROACH after their show at Maverick's here in Ottawa, one of only two Canadian stops on their 2010 tour. The only reason I mention the whole 'drunk and unprepared' thing is, when you've got an interview with such a well-loved and influential band as NA, you're gonna have a buncha geeks reading it and going into sweaty hysterics, asking themselves in a shrill panic why the interviewer isn't asking the band about the significance of this, or the recording process of that, or if there's any truth to the rumours of blah, or why does he keep going on about Windsor (he's from there).

So, to any geeks out there who've got beef with the questions Emmanuel asked, YOU weren't there getting your mind exploded seeing NEGATIVE APPROACH play in a smal club. And you DEFINITELY weren't the one hanging out with them afterwards, plenty of beers deep, with a friend's borrowed cellphone in your face recording a spontaneous interview with the Touch & Go-signed hardcore band with the totally negative and pissed-off lyrics that people of all ages are still psyched about 30 years later: NEGATIVE APPROACH. So you geeks can just take a hit or two off your asthma inhalers, push your glasses back up your sweat-slicked noses, and take the interview (which is still totally awesome; this is STANDARD ISSUE, after all) for what it's worth.

Anybody who's STILL got a problem can take a look at our cover to remind themselves: this shit's free, man. Take it or leave it. - BEN JENSEN



EMMANUEL: Detroit shares a border with Windsor, Ontario. I was wondering if you guys ever played there?

JOHN BRANNON (vocals): Chris, did we ever play there? You know, we went to a lot of shows there.

CHRIS MOORE (drums): Coronation Tavern.

JOHN: We used to go to the Coronation Tavern in Windsor. Actually, the first time I ever saw Minor Threat was in Windsor.

I had read about Minor Threat jumping on to a show at Coronation Tavern.

JOHN: That gig changed our life.

Could you tell us a little bit about that?

JOHN: It was just amazing. It was with the Necros and we were friends with them and they said "We're doing this

gig with Minor Threat. You guys gotta check this out." This was before the record came out and all that. We went to that and we were just blown away. That was

one of the first — you know, it wasn't Detroit but it was one of the first area hardcore shows that just blew everybody away. It was on their first tour.

CHRIS: They were so powerful. They were like a machine. As a kid, I was listening to like, whatever was going on in the '70's and then sort of getting into punk like The Clash and The Stooges, then I see this other thing. Well, we started listening to those records. Like hardcore stuff but we never saw it delivered like that, you know, as a live experience.

JOHN: When we saw that show we knew we had to step up our game. [Laughs]

I'm curious about Windsor. Were there a lot of shows? Were there a lot of bands from there?

JOHN: There was the Coronation Tavern. At that point, we'd all go over [the US/Canadian border] to

Windsor because they had just put the drinking age to 21 [in the States]. We were 18. We went over there to drink. We saw a lot of early gigs. One of the first hardcore gigs was pRonably D.O.A. and the Necros. We'd go over there and see the Meatmen. I was in another band before Negative Approach and we used to do shows over there.

What was the name of the band?

JOHN: It was called Static. It was kind of like 70's rock. You know, we were all into that kind of thing. But the whole scene of Detroit started going to Windsor because we could drink and they had that venue.

It was right on the river, right?

CHRIS: It was right across the river...

[Bass player Ron Sakowski walks in]

RON SAKOWSKI (bass): It's all lies! All lies!

JOHN: He used to go to all those shows too. [To Ron] He wants to know about the Coronation Tavern. I know you've got a story.

RON: It was a nice little place in Windsor. They had about seven shows and then it was done after that.

JOHN: We were just talking about all the early gigs we caught like Minor Threat...

Necros, D.O.A...

JOHN: Well, he was in the Necros.

RON: I was actually in the Gerbils when we played the Coronation Tavern, not that you would know anything about that.



You were in the Necros, though?!

RON: I was in the Necros from '83 till about '87/'88 when the band broke up.

To move on to the present, how do you guys feel about all the interest now in that scene? There's the Touch & Go book, there's a resurgence of interest in the scene you guys were a part of. Is it weird?

CHRIS: NA, in terms of popularity, it always seemed to increase marginally. Not a lot, but it always grew. Now when we're doing shows, it doesn't seem like a rock star trip. In terms of the promoters, the people that are coming to the shows. It doesn't seem that propped up. It kind of feels like old times, a little bit.

JOHN: When we started this out we didn't know this was gonna carry over 27 years later. We were just happy to put out records, to play shows, to see the bands that we loved. We played with a lot of great bands that are now huge bands. We're just happy to be a part of that. It's kind of weird because all the kids that come to our shows, I don't think they were born when the records were out, and they know all the lyrics and that just blows our minds.

CHRIS: And we have the older cats that come, too, which is cool.

JOHN: We probably knew their parents. Some of them might be our kids. [Laughs]

How many shows did you guys play back in the '80's and how many more cities have you hit now compared to then?

CHRIS: A lot more now.

It must have been hard to move around back then.

JOHN: There was just a handful of people. Back then we were really just fighting the war.

RON: We were writing letters and looking at fanzines.

JOHN: Punk rock and hardcore was not accepted when we were doing it.

RON: Everyone had to make their own fanzines and mail them to each other. You couldn't buy them anywhere.

CHRIS: Networking took a lot of effort.

JOHN: There was no internet. No MTV.

RON: It was stamps and phone calls. We used to get the illegal long distance numbers and we'd call each other or we'd write to people all the time.

I've been watching on YouTube this cable access show called Back Porch Videos. Can you explain that in context? Cuz I'm just watching these on the internet. How was it in context in Detroit?

RON: That was way after the fact.

That was way after the fact? That was in the late '80's?

JOHN: [To Ron] He's talking about the "Why Be Something You're Not".

Back Porch Videos was like a cable access show, they're playing videos, there's a live show with you guys playing but that was way later '80's?

JOHN: That was in '82. They used to film all our shows. We actually did a concert in their TV studio.

RON: The people at Back Porch Videos got a hold of those videotapes and played them years after the fact.

JOHN: We filmed a lot of stuff in '82/'83.

But where was that shown? I know a lot of bands had music videos but MTV wasn't showing them. How does the whole cable access thing work?

CHRIS: If you paid for cable television and happened to get this channel or if it was offered in your...

RON: It was in a couple of other states too. They were just trying it out.

CHRIS: And the guy that produced that is an old DJ from Detroit.

JOHN: He used to run the Grande Ballroom. This guy Russ Gibb.

RON: He put on shows for The Stooges and the MC5.



CHRIS: He was this old hippie guy who saw that there was something new going on here...

This reminds me of what was happening back then...

CHRIS: ...and he was very creepy. [Laughs all around] He sort of put that together with Corey from Touch & Go and Corey's like "I'm gonna run with this" because it's not going to hurt but it was definitely weird. It didn't seem like a natural...

It was an old dude who was getting young kids to do stuff...

JOHN: For us, it was just playing a gig and it was like "Wow, they're going to film us!" and at that point video was new. We didn't think at that point that it would one day get bootlegged and people will still be buying this shit. But yeah, it was weird.

On stage you seem really angry. What were you angry about back then and what are you angry about now?

JOHN: A lot of the shit I wrote about. It may just be the same shit. It still holds up.

RON: People that piss you off or things that piss you off.

JOHN: Just assholes. People that don't get it, you know? I'm not angry all the time but there's always something

that's going to piss you off and those happen to be the things I wrote about. Playing live, it's a good release. We don't go walking around all day punching out walls. It's a good release. A good way to let it all out.

RON: It's actually very relaxing.

Is there any animosity towards the audience you're playing to? Do you feel anything, like when you're watching these young kids, cuz you're playing to kids that are into a style that you were into 30 years ago. Do you ever think "You guys don't even know what it was like when we were..."

JOHN: No, no. We don't judge our people.

RON: It's just great that they're curious enough to want to check it out.

CHRIS: Doing all these reunion things, there's been very little times where there's been an asshole. It happens, but why would we... I mean, they're here. I'm not going to judge these people. They can say: "I'm not into it" or whatever and walk away, but you know.

RON: All of it is nostalgic because I remember when I was young and going "I'm so geeked to see the Damned!" and those dudes were older than us and we thought "Okay, let's go check out the old cruster band" and we loved it, they loved it back, and now we pretty much have that same kind of thing going.

There's always someone older than you to judge you and say "Oh well, I was there in '77!"

JOHN: We don't have a chip on our shoulders like that.

RON: We've all been playing music a long time and when you're starting out playing it's basically a big pissing contest. "Hey! This is my band! WOO!" And then the next guy comes along to show off his stuff. It all seems secondary when there's fans that want to come check it out after so many years have gone by. It's not a pissing contest anymore. Basically, we're bringing you something that we did so many years ago, we've just got better equipment. [Laughs]



MOTHER'S CHILDREN!

Interview by Emmanuel Sayer, introduction by Ben Jensen and photographs by Andrew Carver, Dave Forcier.

Ottawa's '70s-style power pop quartet Mother's Children are a band that keeps daring people to hate them. In their interviews and on their websites, they keep making threats of adding more pop, more glitter, more glam to their patented all-three-and-more sound, insisting the result's gonna be so uncool or so soft, you're not gonna dare like it anymore for fear of being labelled a wuss, sissy or even pantywaist.

Are they serious with these threats? Are they trying to turn you off? Or are they just insecure about what they wanna do (cuz no one can argue this isn't a band

doing EXACTLY whatever the fuck it wants to do), and are launching a pre-emptive strike on your hatin'? I dunno, but it seems like people love this band's relentless power pop no matter what they do to fuck it up for them.

Deranged Records loved it enough to shoehorn it onto the label alongside all its usual hardcore and straight-up punk. And Paul Collins loved it enough to be calling Mother's Children his favourite band. And Emmanuel loved it enough to interview them for this shitty rag we got here.



EMMANUEL: The first show you played together was a The Boys cover set. Was that how you started or were you meaning to be a band before that?

MIKE (guitar, vocals): I think Ken and I were secretly meaning to be in a band before that and we were having a hard time finding guys to play with, so it was kind of a ruse to start a band with these guys. So we started with that covers show.

KEN (guitar, vocals): At one point when we were trying out band members, we had like seven people playing in the band. Three guitarists, and Scott Birksted was playing keyboards...

MIKE: And that weird guy...

DAVEY (bass, backup vocals): The poet guy.

Is this after that covers show?

KEN: This was us just trying to start a

band. We wanted to start the poppiest, most ridiculous, most un-punk band imaginable and we were having a really hard time finding people that were willing to do something like that. So we kind of retooled and added Tim on drums who's a punk drummer because he drums so fast and then Davey on bass, punk bassist.

DAVEY: Let me just say that I was in the band before Tim. I asked Tim if he wanted to be in the band. I was like "Hey Tim, do you like The Boys?" and he said 'yeah' so... Remember?

KEN: Yeah, yeah. And that's kinda how that worked out.

DAVEY: I never did get to meet this poet drummer guy.

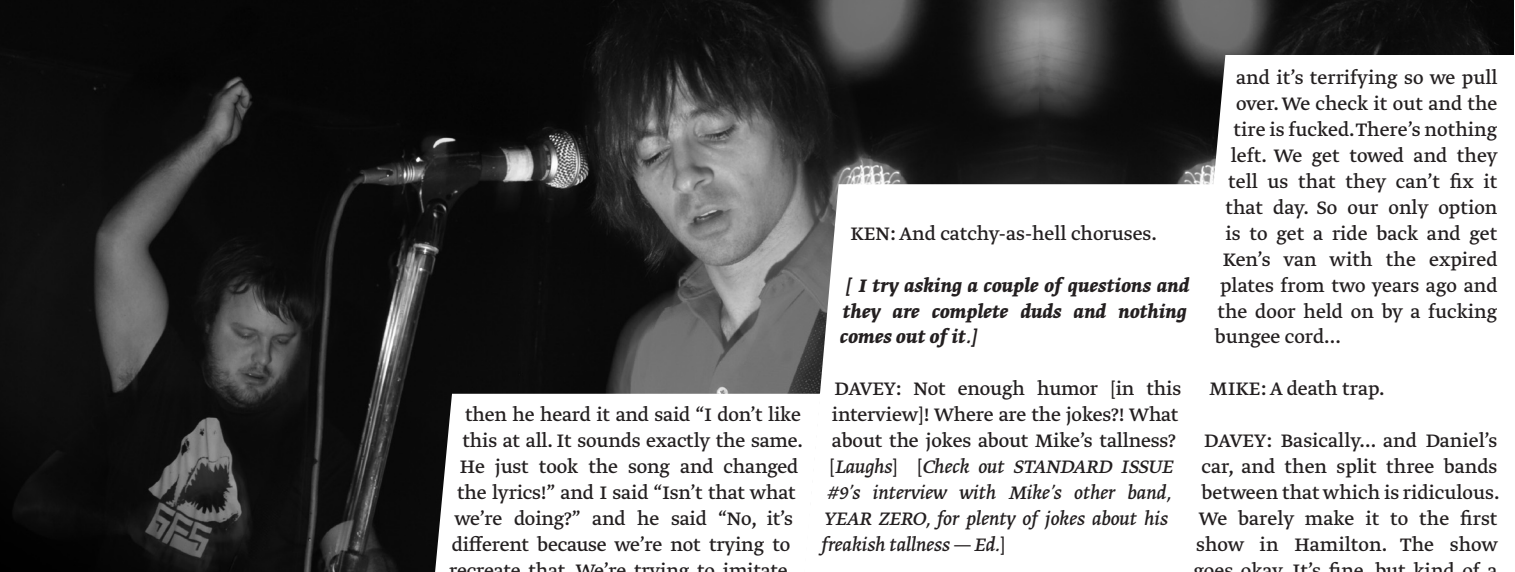
MIKE: I see him every once in a while. Very nice guy. Very strange guy.

KEN: We were almost going to play our first show with him on drums but then he got nervous because he was afraid because he had never played a show in public but he listened to that band The Choir, so that was his in.

So you guys didn't jam any original songs before that Boys cover show?

KEN: We had written early versions of 'I Wanna Be Your Friend' and...

MIKE: We told them [Tim and Davey] that we had songs and that maybe after that show we could show them those songs.



What do you guys think about imitation versus tradition? Your lyrics are typical of a genre... Sort of a '50s/'60s/'70s throwback in a sense. How do you perceive the difference between following tradition and plain imitation?

KEN: That was the question you were excited about?

Why? You don't like it?

MIKE: [sarcastically] I'm super insulted by it.

I worded that wrong. I'm talking about music in general. I'm not saying you guys are imitating...

DAVEY: I'm going to let Ken field this one because we were talking about this before.

I'm talking about bands in general and where do the cards lie...

KEN: I don't know. If it works out and people think we're innovators, that would be cool but if people think we're just ripping off old genres, that's fine too. I think that since I taught myself how to play music, no matter what I do it's going to sound original because I was never in a bluesy cover band and I never took guitar lessons. It just sounds like Ken playing guitar trying to sound like the bands that I like, punk and power pop bands.

But do you find that some bands take it too far and just go for straight imitation?

MIKE: Oh definitely.

This is what I was talking about. I'm talking about straight imitation versus what I meant by 'tradition', which is taking punk and power pop and making it your own.

DAVEY: I said to Ken "You should listen to the new Nobunny. It's right up your alley. You're gonna love it. There's songs that sound like T-Rex, there's songs that sound like Velvet Underground. It's good." And

then he heard it and said "I don't like this at all. It sounds exactly the same. He just took the song and changed the lyrics!" and I said "Isn't that what we're doing?" and he said "No, it's different because we're not trying to recreate that. We're trying to imitate the energy or the soul of it."

MIKE: If you're doing a genre that's been done to death, you have to bring something new to it, and I hope that we do that. I think that the way we collaborate and that the way we write, it's pretty much impossible to rip something off exactly.

DAVEY: Well, I like the new Nobunny, just for the record.

MIKE: I haven't actually heard it so...

KEN: Well, I guess if this is going on record, I can say that I don't strongly like it. [everyone laughs] Anyway, whatever. I try to throw so much stuff in there. We're not just being a power pop band or a pub rock band or a '70s-style glam band. We're just putting all of that stuff together in a way that no one else has done before and I know that no one else had done it because I listen for stuff like that. We're trying to create this best band out of the all the shit that I love the most. I have specific tastes. We all have specific tastes and we're trying to make the ultimate band [Mike laughs] ...for us.

I think that comes across. You guys obviously throw back to a lot of styles, but it's exciting and fun. I don't want to name names but you have played recently with a few bands who try to play a similar style, or maybe some of the styles you touch, but it was so boring. Why is that? They're hitting all the right notes...

DAVEY: That might have something to do with it.

KEN: Don't worry too much about imitating a sound. Just worry about fucking hooks...

MIKE: Good songs....

KEN: And catchy-as-hell choruses.

[I try asking a couple of questions and they are complete duds and nothing comes out of it.]

DAVEY: Not enough humor [in this interview]! Where are the jokes?! What about the jokes about Mike's tallness? [Laughs] [Check out STANDARD ISSUE #9's interview with Mike's other band, YEAR ZERO, for plenty of jokes about his freakish tallness — Ed.]

This is a Standard Issue interview and I'm getting too intense. I wanted to ask all this nerdy music shit first... You guys got to do the tour of a lifetime... in a way.

MIKE: The experience of a lifetime.

The experience of a lifetime. You were asked to open for the Paul Collins' Beat for about a week of shows. Now it can fly. Tell us about that...

KEN: It was the best and worst thing we've ever done... No. It wasn't bad. There was nothing bad about it except for the fact that we made no money and that we actually lost money.

What was your reaction when you guys were asked to do the tour

originally?

KEN: We were stoked to be playing with a, you know, a hero... not a hero but an idol...

MIKE: [Sarcastically] A god.

KEN: ...well, a guy that we really look up to. It actually worked about perfectly except for the money thing. He absolutely loved our band and he's going to be flying us down to New Jersey for this festival that he's putting us on. He said we were the best band he's ever played with and he's been telling a lot of people that. That means a lot to us. It was a stressful tour because a lot of shit went wrong.

Let's hear about that. Davey's raring to go.

DAVEY: Alright! From the beginning. We all pile into a van that we rented from another Ottawa band. We're on the highway and we're not even out of Ottawa and the tread comes off of the front right tire and we're skidding

and it's terrifying so we pull over. We check it out and the tire is fucked. There's nothing left. We get towed and they tell us that they can't fix it that day. So our only option is to get a ride back and get Ken's van with the expired plates from two years ago and the door held on by a fucking bungee cord...

MIKE: A death trap.

DAVEY: Basically... and Daniel's car, and then split three bands between that which is ridiculous. We barely make it to the first show in Hamilton. The show goes okay. It's fine, but kind of a bummer. No one was there...

MIKE: But who was there? Who opened for us?

DAVEY: Who opened for us? Mike Trebilcock! From The Killjoys, and I got to meet him and talk to him and he was really nice and it was a bummer that not one person watched him except for me.

MIKE: I watched him when I realized who he was when he played 'Soaked.' I ran outside and got Ken because I knew he saw The Killjoys when he was a teenager at... What's that show?

KEN: Yeah, man. MusicWorks. Hosted by Pat Mastroianni. [Joey from Degrassi High - Ed.] [Laughs]

DAVEY: Keep in mind this is still all the same day. We pack up and we leave the show in Ken's shitty van with the door falling off, and two seconds after we leave the club we get pulled over. The cop says "You know your plates are expired, eh?" We're all sitting there with open beers in the van, it's terrible. Anyway, we end up getting off somehow. He's just like "Watch out for OPP [Ontario Provincial Police, not what Naughty By Nature was rappin about — Ed.]" and that was that.

KEN: He said "The Toronto police are like dogs. They'll hunt you down."

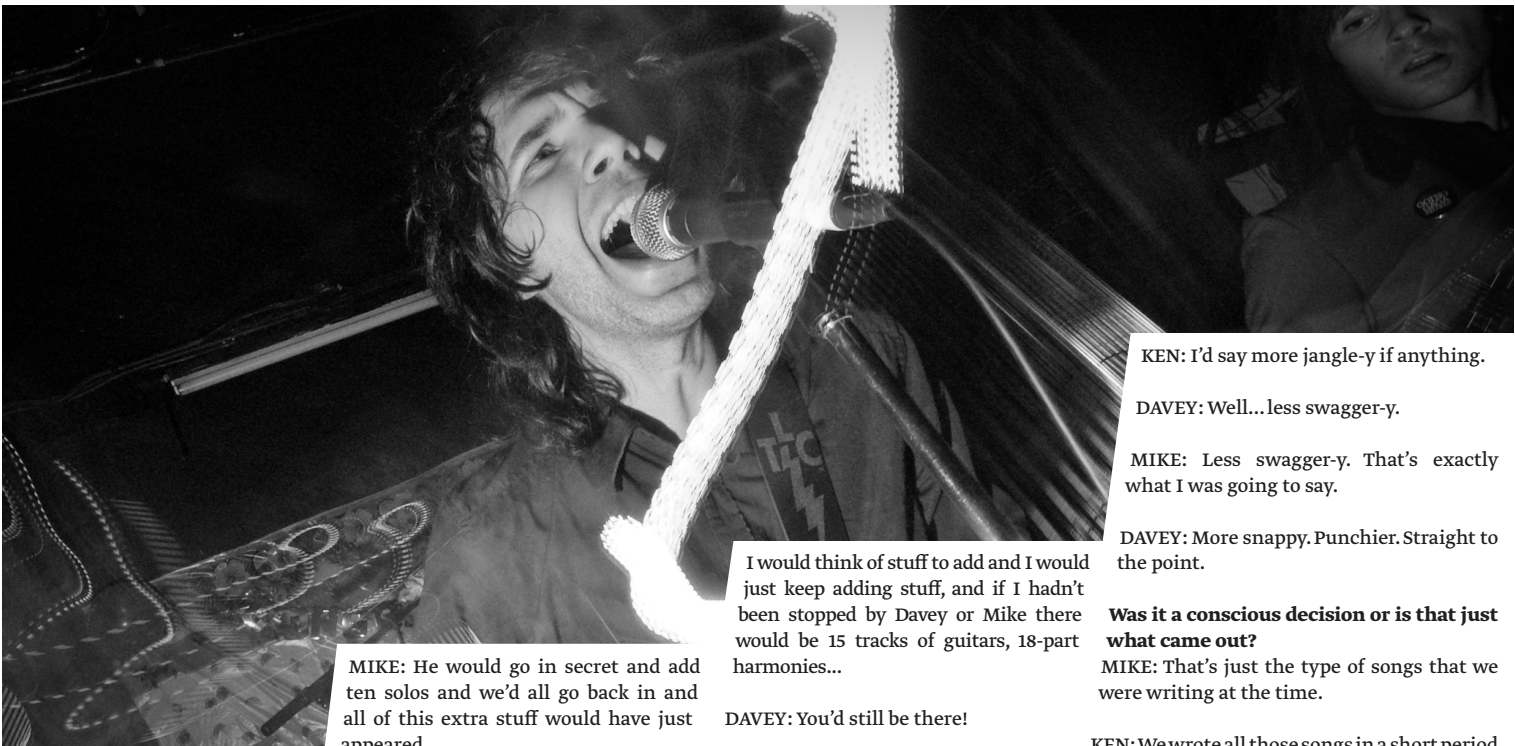
DAVEY: That was the first day, so that was a bit of an omen for the rest of the tour.

MIKE: Things got better. The shows definitely got better.

KEN: The shows were great, especially when we got down to the States. The reception was insane.

DAVEY: Met a lot of great people.

KEN: There was nothing really bad about it. It was the best thing we've ever done. It just, you know, it costs a lot of money to be in a band.



The LP sounds amazing. There are a lot of layers and a lot of extra tracks. Did you go in knowing exactly what the songs were going to turn into or did you add a lot in the studio?

DAVEY: Ken would go in and have his little mad scientist solos all over the place.

MIKE: He would go in secret and add ten solos and we'd all go back in and all of this extra stuff would have just appeared.

DAVEY: We didn't even know about it.

You just experimented with different parts?

KEN: The songs were written way way way back. I would get the mixes from Yogi [the producer] and I would listen to them over and over again and

I would think of stuff to add and I would just keep adding stuff, and if I hadn't been stopped by Davey or Mike there would be 15 tracks of guitars, 18-part harmonies...

DAVEY: You'd still be there!

You have a new 12" coming out soon on Taken By Surprise. When is that coming out?

MIKE: March 1st.

What was the approach to this record? Different than the LP?

DAVEY: It's different. It's snappier. Less jangle-y.

KEN: I'd say more jangle-y if anything.

DAVEY: Well...less swagger-y.

MIKE: Less swagger-y. That's exactly what I was going to say.

DAVEY: More snappy. Punchier. Straight to the point.

Was it a conscious decision or is that just what came out?

MIKE: That's just the type of songs that we were writing at the time.

KEN: We wrote all those songs in a short period of time. People have known us as having that kind of '70s glam kind of sound to us, but on this particular record it's not really glam-y or glittery, it's just pure, straightforward power pop. But that doesn't mean that we've shed that skin. The next LP is going to be pure David Bowie...

MIKE: *Spiders From Mars*... Concept album.



WANNA PITCH IN AND HELP MAKE STANDARD ISSUE?

STD needs fresh blood! If you're into punk, hardcore, garage, crust, weird punk, noise, and/or powerpop, and don't produce the kinda boring shit mainstream mags and Pitchfork and people on the internet do, and are willing to toil in total unrewarded obscurity for NO PAY, this is the opportunity you were born to die for.

Interview your favorite band and send it in. Review anything any band's willing to give you and send it in. Make an original comic and send it in. If you wanna illustrate for us, show us samples. Just make sure your shit's awesome or we won't print it.



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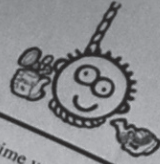
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MAD LIBS SUICIDE NOTE!

Written by Ben Jensen and You! Photograph by Adam Jensen.

Suicide's a dick move. It makes everyone you leave behind feeling sad, angry, guilt-ridden, confused, and sack-of-shit-ish. It's no fun for anyone...

...Unless you leave behind a wacky and hilarious Mad Libs Suicide Note!



MAD LIBS[®] SUICIDE NOTE!

By the time you get this letter, I'll be dead by my own hand. I got nothing left to live for. I've already done everything cool. I've already seen _____ person _____ naked (it was actually pretty gross; everything looked kinda _____ adjective _____ and nothing was where you expected it to be), and have already peed on a/an _____ noun _____ to lick a/an _____ noun _____ once when I went to _____ adjective _____ old planet.

I've also become consumed by my crippling _____ noun _____ addiction; it's at the point where I have to ingest them anally 78 times a day just to get by. And no one wants to have sex with me cuz I look exactly like a/an _____ adjective _____ Plus, I am still ashamed of what I did at _____ place _____ So as you can see, I've got nothing left to accomplish was 13, for more than a few reasons.

At this point, I wouldn't feed my troubles to a/an _____ noun _____ camp with _____ evil/historical figure _____ Even _____ verb ending in 'ing' _____ type of animal _____ and I hate living even more than I hate So I've decided to end it all. I'm gonna do it by bashing myself in the _____ adjective _____ doesn't cheer me up anymore. I am a lost cause. am dead. That, or I'll slit my wrists with a sharpened _____ noun _____ until I choke and die.

In the afterlife, I hope to have all sorts of weird sex with _____ noun _____ with a/an _____ noun _____ until I wanna spend some time haunting _____ place _____ Or maybe I'll just eat a pile of _____ plural noun _____

By the time you read this, I'll have already had my last meal -- _____ noun _____ and to punch _____ part of the body _____ in the junk. I also dead. If everything goes according to plan, you'll find my body in _____ noun _____ another dead celebrity/historical figure _____ boiled in _____ type of liquid _____ -- hopefully before some other joker finds it and makes it look like I'm pickin my nose or touchin myself or something.

My final wishes are that my prized _____ noun _____ collection be left to _____ name of friend _____ (cuz he/she'll know what to do with it -- IF ya know what I mean, wink wink), and that I always be remembered as a _____ noun _____ with a heart of _____ philosophy or idea _____

I also wanna give a big 'fuck you' to the following: _____ person _____ had anything to do with _____ type of activity _____ Seacrest out! _____ place _____ and anyone who ever

GROWN-UPS!

Interview by Steve Adamyk, photographs by Dave Forcier.

Grown-Ups are Josiah, Sara and Andrew. They call Calgary home for now, but husband-and-wife Josiah and Sara are Vancouver born and raised, so this band is as Western-Canadian as you can get. Not that we'll hold that against 'em; we are a unified nation, after all. But seriously, let's not beat around the bush here: BC and Alberta harbour some wild motherfuckers. Which, in turn, creates some pretty far-out music.

Grown-Ups' recordings were unknown to me, seeming to slip under the radar, before I caught them live. It was obvious I'd made some errors being sheltered from their brand of catchy, yet trashy punk rock. After a blistering set here in Ottawa at nIXe for Rock'n'Roll Pizza Party on their cross-country tour this past summer, I had the chance to pick Josiah's brain on what makes Alberta tick.

STEVE: First, up, let's talk about this E.T.-shaped lathe picture-disc single coming out on the Scotch Tapes imprint from Ontario. It's too bad it's such a low run (50 copies), but likely it's because of the time it takes to cut each one individually. Point being: I hope I get one. Who's the brain trust behind this idea?

JOSIAH: Al from SCOTCH TAPES is pretty much the coolest person in Canada, possibly North America. When we were driving through Ontario, we stayed at his cabin in Batchawana Bay. He works as a fisherman on Lake Superior and runs his label with dial-up internet on the weekends. Anyway, we ended up camping with his whole fishing crew, a bunch of rad blue collar dudes who are completely unfazed by the constantly blaring SHEARING PINX cassettes that Al keeps on rotation. It's so hilarious. Anyway, we were hanging out with these dudes, eating illegal smoked sturgeon (I wasn't supposed to tell anyone) and drinking beers in a tiny cabin and Al was just like 'I should do an amazing lathe for GROWN-UPS, what should I do?' and originally Sara had the idea to do a hockey puck. Basically, we were going to cut a hole down the center of a hockey puck and press a 30-second song on the top about female NHLer Manon Rhéaume, but Al did his research and found out that it couldn't work. E.T. is Sara's favourite movie, and our house is full of E.T. merch, including a life size E.T. doll, so it made sense to do an E.T. picture disc lathe. The release is going to be amazing, it's a bummer that it's limited to 50 copies because I have a feeling it will sell out fast based on how awesome E.T. is. The plus side is that anyone who doesn't get one can buy my copy on eBay for a hefty sum.

This will be your second vinyl release, right? Or is the other split 7" you were working on already out?

This will be our second vinyl release, although it's actually a printed acetate from Staples cut to the shape of E.T.'s head. I guess we were also on the Bloodstains Across Alberta comp, which was also a vinyl release.

There are some other possibilities too. We might do an 8-track with Scotch and we were talking to Bruised Tongue in the summer about doing a cassette. We love to keep writing new songs and trying to improve on our last material, so it's nice to have all of these releases lined up.

So, there's a new LP in the works eventually, I hear?

We just finished recording our first ever LP. It's called Stopped Caring and it's 12 songs in just under 20 minutes. I think it's our best material yet; we worked on it for about three months and took it more seriously than anything we've done before without sacrificing any of the fun. This and the E.T. lathe are my first experiments with home recording, as Darrell recorded everything we did before, so I've spent the last three months dickin' around in Logic, trying to learn how to mix and make these songs sound like something better than shitty tin can recordings. I almost lost my mind, staying up all night every night and growing a wild beard, but I think it worked out pretty well. When it will be released is kind of up in the air, as we're going to send it around to some labels. As much as I appreciate the DIY aspect of being in a punk band and will gladly continue to pour time into doing as much of this as possible by ourselves, I never want to pay for my own vinyl again. That shit is so expensive and the only reward is usually a basement full of unsold vinyl. I prefer to spend my money on records, junk food and video games.

The B-Lines split should be great. Are you close with them as a band? I've had my eye on them with lots of optimism for a few years now.

Yeah, we're really tight with them. I grew up with three quarters of the B-Lines in Abbotsford, BC, a shithole outside of Vancouver. They used to play in an incredible band called Fun 100, true Canadian unsung heroes, and my old bands would play with them a lot. We've been causing mischief together for close to a decade, and playing in a band is sometimes just an excuse to hang out with them in Vancouver or trick them into coming to Alberta. Our split with them is for the Scotch Tapes subscription series, and I think we'll both be contributing a terrible pop punk cover along with some other stuff. Ryan and Bruce from B-Lines share our affinity for '90s Epitaph jams and regard Blink 182's Dude Ranch as the OK Computer of our time [Opinions expressed by any interviewed band regarding Blink-182 having ever made anything better than a pile of dog shit are solely those of the interviewees and DO NOT reflect the views of STANDARD ISSUE — Ed.].

Here's our complete discog:

self-titled cassette (self-released 2009, rereleased by Scotch Tapes in 2010)

I Can't Win cassette (Bart Records, 2010)

'AB Weekend' on the Bloodstains Across Alberta compilation (Mammoth Cave, 2010)

Not Friends 7" (self-released, 2010)

E.T. lathe (Scotch Tapes, 2011)

upcoming:

split 7" with Nu Sensae (Scotch Tapes, spring of 2011)

split cassette with B-Lines (Scotch Tapes, spring of 2011)

Stopped Caring LP (TBA, 2011)



Speaking of other bands, who are some of your favourite current Canadian acts?

There are so many amazing bands everywhere in Canada right now, it's really hard to pin them all down. Here are some other favourites off the top of my head: Nu Sensae, White Lung, Fist City, Defektors, the Throwaways, the Moby Dicks, Gobble Gobble, Bayonets!!!, Outdoor Miners, Sabertooth, the Bloggers, Romantii'kaa (R.I.P.), Woolworm, the Gooeys, Babe Rainbow, the Mandates, JDH, SLOBS, Long Long Long, Pee Blood... I could go on forever. Also shout out to Steve Adamyk Band!

Let's talk Cowtown. Calgary's always been a blast. Has the scene changed much there in the last few years? Broken City still the place to be?

I've only lived in Calgary for three years; Sara and I lived in Vancouver before that. Calgary is very weird but really awesome because of it. There are so many tiny clusters of people obsessed with very specific niches. For example, late '90s Revolution Summer-inspired post-hardcore is massive in Alberta. Bands like North of America are basically the Beatles here. It's definitely not a bad thing, but a style of music that I completely forgot about when I lived in Vancouver. Aside from the cool garage bands here that we all know and love, there's also a weird scene of garage rock that kind of embodies the shitty cowboy hat aesthetic that stereotypes Calgary, so it's weird to play music that some people misconstrue with that. I used to play in a straight-up garage punk band here called Weird Shits and we once played a show where we opened up for a band that had a 50-year old singer wearing a flaming Lucky 13 shirt. His band covered 'Mustang Sally' AND Sublime's 'Santeria.' What I'm getting at is that it's very divided but it's also very special. Because we don't have the option of five good shows every night of the week, the big, good shows that happen here are huge, and the good bands that live here are very supportive of each other.

I knew a guy that got stabbed at the Ship and Anchor once. Do you think Westerners are more stabby than east-coasters?

People who go to shows regularly are really great people, but all of the cool bars and venues end up attracting oil company assholes and douchebag Flames fans. Just ask the staff of Tubby Dog. There are basically no hang-out spots where you won't have to deal with high school bullies who now make hundreds of thousands of dollars in the oil industry. You just have to learn to accept it and make fun of them with the hopes that they won't catch you and kill you.

In addition to Calgary, one can't ignore the rise of mighty Lethbridge. Is Alberta unified when it comes to bands? Do the Grown-Up's feel a part of the whole Weird Canada/punk, or is it divided?

A lot of division we've had with other bands comes from my own bad sense of humour. I have a tendency to make fun of local bands constantly on stage and I've definitely pissed some people off by doing that. A vegan girl in Calgary was even pissed off that I was wearing a t-shirt with a burger on it on stage once. She told my friend that she hates "that ironic t-shirt hipster shit." The truth is, there was nothing ironic about my t-shirt. I really love burgers. As for Weird Canada, they are all an incredibly supportive lot of people, and they've been awesome to us even though we're not as experimental and arty as some of the other "weird" bands. So has the whole Lethbridge crew and our friends in Edmonton. There's definitely still some division, but we tend to do okay as we can get along with most people. There's less room for rivalries or bitterness in Alberta, partially because there aren't enough people here to make them last. It actually feels like a shortage of bands. In August of 2010 I counted and we were asked to play 10 shows in Calgary. If we actually got paid to play 10 shows a month I could quit my job!

Having said that we're also kind of a Vancouver band. Because I grew up there and we have so many friends there, our shows in Vancouver are always amazing and we try to go out there as much as possible. If I smoked weed and lost about 40 pounds I'd say we were an honorary Vancouver band.

Having conquered eastern Canada in the summer of 2010, how do you feel about the east coast/central provinces comparatively against your hometown?

Ottawa was the best show of tour thanks to a great crowd and a solid bunch of people. Bonus points because my cousin's girlfriend came to the show and said "I remember my punk phase." Also bonus points because we visited kitty parliament [There's a bunch of wild cats who live outside the parliament buildings here in Ottawa — Ed.]. Kingston was awesome because the dudes in False Face treat bands right and appreciate having shows there. Halifax was awesome to see and a great show with some cool bands who only slightly sounded like Sloan. The other cities had pretty terrible turn outs but it was really fun to see new places that I had never been to. Despite playing for two people in Toronto on the same night as the Gories reunion, it was really fun to check out that city and try to understand why everyone is obsessed with horse meat. In Quebec City, our friends in Brazilian Money climbed the boards into a professional baseball game and we played a show to no one with an awful improv doom metal band. Montreal was cool to see and experience, but our show felt like we were sitting in on Vampire Weekend shooting a Gap commercial. All in all, though, it was a pretty great summer vacation that we will still be paying off on our credit cards for the coming months.

Who writes the majority of material for the band? Do you and Sara have an enhanced dynamic being husband and wife?

Since the start, I basically write all of the songs. For a while Darrell contributed a bunch of songs too, but on our album I wrote everything. It's a lot easier for me to finish a song, record a demo at home and take it to band practice. Because our songs are so short and fast, it's way easier to have a whole idea finished than try to jam out a complicated part that will probably only last for about 20 seconds. Because we're married, Sara and I can practice whenever we want, learning new songs and improving our craft. We never do, but it's nice to know we could if we wanted to.

Any other touring plans for 2011? Possibility of American dates?

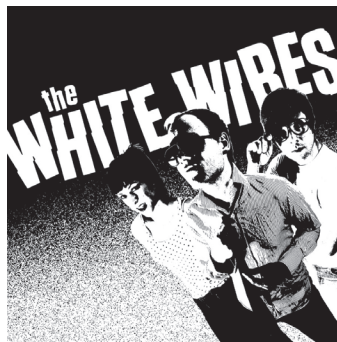
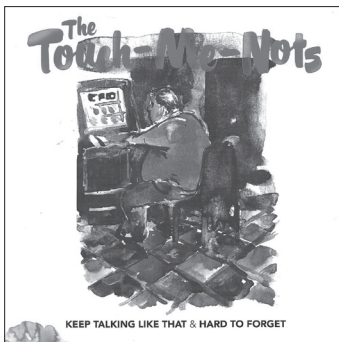
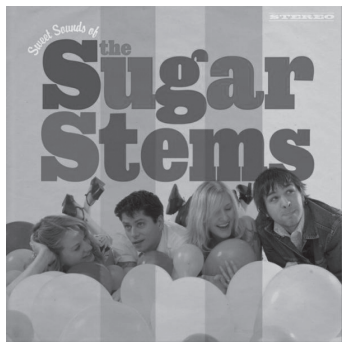
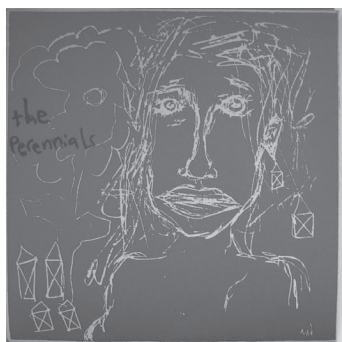
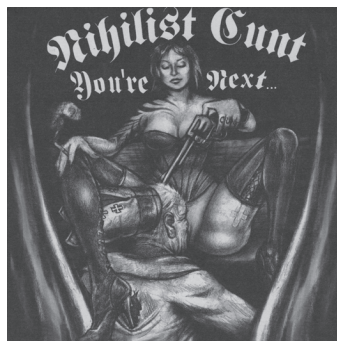
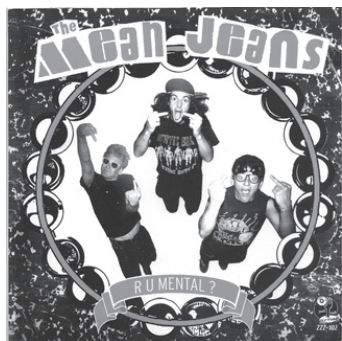
Our first priority is to get this album out and then we're definitely going to plan some tours, probably not until the second half of the year. We would love to come out east again, hit up Ontario and Quebec and dip into the States, and we'd also love to do a west coast tour. Our plan is definitely to tour the US in some capacity, if only to get some of those air-pressurized Slurpees and whatever other amazing junk food they've created by then.



SHITTY/NOT SHITTY!

WHERE WE TELL YOU WHAT TO THINK ABOUT A BUNCHA STUFF PEOPLE SENT US.

By the Standard iSsue Street Gang (Steve Adamyk_{SA}, Morgan Cook_{MC}, Curtis Delaney_{CD}, Nigel Girlfriend_{NG}, Ben Jensen_{BJ}, Andrew Payne_{AP}, Craig Proulx_{CP}, Musky Rice_{MR}, Pierre Richardson_{PR}, Emmanuel Sayer_{ES}).



From left to right: Anal Warhead - Time To Die; Black Time - More Songs About Motorcycles & Death; Crusades - s/t; The Humms - Lemonland; White Wires / The Mean Jeans - Split 7"; Moscow Moscow Moscow - s/t; Nihilist Cunt - You're Next; Off! - First Four EPs; The Perennials - My Side Of The Mountain; Pop. 1280 - The Grid; Spastic Panthers - Rock And Roll Beasts; Straw Men - Jackrabbit; The Sugar Stems - Sweet Sounds Of...; The Touch-Me-Knots - Keep Talkin Like That & Hard To Forget; The White Wires - WWII; XXXmas - s/t.

ADAPTIVE REACTION - TERMINAL HATE 7" (self-released, Uxbridge)

The influences this band list in their press release sound great -- The Screemers, Kraftwerk, Black Flag and Black Randy -- but Adaptive Reaction will have to keep writing songs until they encapsulate the spirit of those bands. They were aiming for synth-punk but took a couple of wrong turns and ended up somewhere in the land of techno-goth. The male vocalist hasn't found his genuine voice; the synth sounds are more dance club than punk club; the songs need more variety; and sometimes it sounds too commercial. They definitely get points for trying something different, and, hey, it's hard to make a 7", you have to fill out all of those forms... it's an accomplishment no matter what. **SHITTY**

A review of the album's artwork: There are way too many black and white collages by punk bands, although this one is done well. There are some nice little nuggets in there, like someone putting their hands in a guy's mouth and using it as a typewriter, and also a giant scientist who is holding a tiny desk with a tiny lady. **KINDA SHITTY**_{AP}

ANAL WARHEAD - TIME TO DIE 7" (Suburban White Trash, Colorado)

Fast, loud, crashing, dark, crust punk! NYC's Anal Warhead give us five tracks of bassy drum rolls, giant slobbering carnivorous guitar chords, menacing rumbling bass, needle-to-the-spine guitar solos, and raspy marble-mouthed venomous vocals -- all going 120 miles an hour! Either hop on for the ride or get run the fuck over.

Of course, this kinda music's worthless if all it is is a buncha noise and pretext, but these guys are smugglin some pretty damn solid and satisfying tracks within all the chaos. If this kinda shit doesn't do it for ya, there's the door. **NOT SHITTY**

A review of the album's artwork: Nothin too original here, but still pretty rad. A black flaming punk skeleton locked in deadly battle with a cop. The cop's got a billy club ready, but the skeleton looks closer to smashing a whisky bottle over the cop's head, and he's also got his hand around his neck -- gotta give the skeleton the edge in this one. A buncha flaming mutant punx are ragin and partying along the bottom, and the

sun's in the sky doin some crazy shit while a mushroom cloud explosion looms in the distance and a plane flies by dropping bombs. Uh-oh. Well-executed. **NOT SHITTY**_{BJ}

ASILE - DEMO TAPE (self-released, Ottawa)

This Ottawa four piece absolutely kills. This is a four song demo that demolishes everything in its path. Classic Swedish D-beat worship but done very well. The recording is amazing. The drumming is relentless. The guitars are really interesting with a lot of trade-off solos that give it a bit of a thrash-metal feel.

The lyrics are all in French, but they're so straight to the point and simple that anyone who puts in a shred of effort can figure out what the songs are about: how fucked society is, oil leaking into the ocean, and refusing to fight wars that aren't yours to fight.

Definitely keep an eye out for this band, especially if you're in Ottawa. I've seen them live several times and they have absolutely destroyed every time and they'll make you want to break shit. If you're not from Ottawa, you should contact the band and get them to send you a tape. You won't regret it. **NOT SHITTY** (Patrick / 124 Granville St. / Vanier, On. K1L 6Y4)_{ES}

ASSPISS - FUCK OFF AND DIE 7" (Suburban White Trash, Colorado)

'80s-style straight-up punk rock, with a sound that's light on the low-end but with thick chugging guitar chords to give it some weight. This is -- to me, at least -- kind of a cross between US- and UK-style sounds. The drumming's cymbal-heavy and--what is that, a cowbell? Or a triangle or something? There's a lot of that in there too. It's not weird or anything; it's actually used well and appropriately, but now that I'm tuned into it, it's all I can hear.... Solos and break-downs a-plenty, but nothing to trip up the driving momentum of these four rippers. **NOT SHITTY**

A review of the album's artwork: Nothing really original on here, and the artist was definitely trying to punch above his weight -- it's a bit of a mess. **SHITTY**_{BJ}

THE BEATLES! - AND GOD SAW THAT IT WAS GOOD... cassette (self-released, Montreal)

Basically a lawsuit waiting to happen, but why not? There are only so many names out there to choose from, so why not just grab one that worked? Can't mess with success. The tape starts out with a bunch of random sound clips, like one of those sound machines with buttons you press on it. You've got sirens, gunshots, farts, dogs growling, lightning striking all set to a nice little riff. It sets the tone for the rest of the side, off kilter Manson alt-country indie pop, with basically every genre sprinkled on top, like toppings on a pizza. The second last track on the A-side is a true gem ripper attack. Grab this tape and see this band before they're banned! Say hi to the Eggman for me. **NOT SHITTY**

A review of the album's artwork: My mind was so demented by the music I just typed "artfork". That pretty much sums it up. **NOT SHITTY**_{PR}

BLACK LIPS - 'GO OUT AND GET IT' music video

I think I understand that BLACK LIPS/WAVVES feud (they had a feud BTW) now... it was about who could be the dullest fun-in-the-sun band, right? Well, the WAVVES guy has every right to feel threatened because this video looks like the BLACK LIPS jumped right into some jock's spring break album on Facebook... lip-syncing on a cruise with booze and stoked bikini babes? Did somebody's parody of 00s MTV accidentally BECOME 00s MTV? It's like a collection of the lowlights from the worst party ever. I think someone does a cannonball at some point? The song is fittingly mediocre. **SHITTY**_{NG}

BLACK TIME - MORE SONGS ABOUT MOTORCYCLES & DEATH 12" EP (Wrench, London)

This is six tracks of BLACK TIME's ultra-distorted, light on the bottom-end, bubblegum-tossed-in-the-gravel-and-stepped-on, noisy garage punk, filled with all the jarring staccato snare/guitar attacks they like so much. Sometimes their sound's kinda harsh and punishing, sometimes it's catchy and dreamy... but still with an ugly splash of buzz and distortion all over it. Their sound's kinda like the audio equivalent of a nice photo from the '60s of good-looking people smiling in a sunny field wearing nice silk scarves and pants,

maybe lounging near their parked scooters having a picnic, but the photo's been scratched up and had acid thrown on it, and it's been pulled out of a fire and pissed on -- you can still SEE the original picture and the pleasantness of it, but only through all the devastation. That's what BLACK TIME sounds like.

They're kinda like WIRE meets DEERHUNTER meets the soundtrack to some surf movie full of black magic and flesh-eating meets a vacuum sucking out your brain meets motorcycles (duh) and death (duh again, dummy). Obviously they rule. **NOT SHITTY**

A review of the album's artwork: The front cover's cool with a big profile photo from the '60s or early '70s of a chick in a motorcycle helmet ripped out and pasted on pure black, with the band and album name wrapped rigidly around its curves in white block letters.

Shit gets better on the back cover though. It's like they took the back of some old, slightly beat-up Serge Gainsbourg album and layed-out a zine/album back cover on it. There's a photo of BLACK TIME hanging out with girl group THE KATARAKT (who appear on this album) in France on the back. BLACK TIME looks stylish in their mod suits and masks and THE KATARAKT look like a couple total babes. Awesome. **NOT SHITTY**_{BJ}

THE BULLSHIT DEMPSTER'S BREAD IS PULLIN

I'm not retarded. I know all about corporations. I know they hate poor people's fucking guts. Corporations hate poor people cuz corporations are run by rich assholes who resent the poor for not having more hard-earned money to throw away on their shitty products. So what do they do to take their anger out on the poor? They screw 'em. In the case of corporate "food" producers, they say: "Alright. If you guys want affordable food, we'll give it to ya. But we're gonna make anything YOU can afford to feed your kids as shitty as possible. It's gonna be BAFFLING how unhealthy we can make food."

I'm a poor person (well, first world-poor; I've got running water, a television -- even if I can't afford the cable to make it work--, and a reasonable expectation to live to see 40). And as a poor person, I can't afford to eat any-

thing better than the garbage lining the shelves at the corporate grocery chains. Garbage like Dempster's bread. Sure, it's got lots of fiber and wheat and flax seeds and shit that they talk real big about on their label, but, like most of this stuff, they've somehow managed to suck all the nutrients outta the ingredients, throw a bunch of man-made chemicals in there...hell, they probably modified the wheat so it has teeth and a gut so they could feed it brains from diseased cows to make it grow bigger. And then they load it all with salt.

(Side note about salt: anything that's "low fat" is pretty much guaranteed to have way more sodium than its higher-fat counterpart. Corporations do this cuz all the shit they've been feeding you and your family over the years has made you fat, and now you're complaining. Not wanting to stop getting your money, they came out with a bunch of shit with "low fat" written on the label. But since you've gotten so used to all their sugar-filled lard-stuffed garbage that anything natural and healthy will taste "weird" to you, they load their "low fat" shit down with the cheapest and easiest flavor enhancer they can get: salt. And what does salt do? It makes you FAT. Without contributing fat content to the nutrition label. See? They HATE you.)

So, yeah, the fact that the loaf of whole wheat bread I make my sandwiches out of is probably wreaking all kinds of havoc on my body is nothing new. But what IS new (and what this review is about) is how Dempster's has started cutting their loaves into ODD NUMBERED SLICES. Fuck you, Dempster's!

Yeah, gettin down to the last two pieces and having to make a bread butt sandwich sucks, but y'know what sucks more? Being left with ONE useless bread butt at the end of the bag. Then having to daisy chain it onto the next loaf, making some kinda Frankenstein bread butt sandwich. Where's the closure? See? They fuckin HATE us. **SHITTY_{BJ}**

BURIED INSIDE'S FINAL SHOW (BABYLON NIGHTCLUB, OTTAWA - 13 Nov, 2010)

I missed all the openers (KINGDOM SHORE/BARRIER/CRUSADES) because I was drinking at my brother's place. Good bands though, and I hear their sets were great. I don't remember set lists on a good day but I'm pretty sure BI opened with V from "Spoils of Failure". I forget what they ended with. The show was awesome! This was the worst review in history. **NOT SHITTY_{MR}**

CRUSADES - s/t 7" EP (Scared To Death, Ottawa)

FREE PUNK ROCK! I did that to catch your attention, but also cuz it's true.

See, basically, we should've run a review of this EP an issue or two ago, but instead we slept on it, and now it's sold out (unless you're in Europe, and you're probably not). BUT the band has the whole thing up on Youtube. Just search "Crusades s/t EP"; it'll be the one that's a black and white video of some kinda Satanic ritual with naked chicks; listen to the whole thing for free.

Here's what you can expect from this Ottawa four-piece and their debut EP: Brisk, melodic punk rock with smart, dark lyrics that takes some of its song-writing cues from black metal shit like DARKTHRONE--no joke. Sure, it's not as metal (there are DEFINITE metal aspects to the guitar lines, though: soaring bits, quick-as-shit finger-tappy type stuff...), but it's got the same kinda weight, drama, darkness, and forward momentum as DARKTHRONE -- just replace the raspy black metal voice with soaring gang vocals that are delivered with the kinda integrity and earnestness that has dudes crowding the front row to fist pump and bellow along.

Half these guys are in THE CREEPS, and the other half were in SEDATIVES, which -- along with the DARKTHRONE influence -- should give you a pretty good idea of what this sounds like. For anyone keeping score at home, these four dudes have been in these bands (and more) too: YEAR ZERO, BURIED INSIDE, ZEBRASSIERES, THE VISITORS, LAST COMMUNION, STEVE ADAMYK BAND and DARKTHRONE (just kidding).

Alright? So go listen for free, then either A: get ready to buy it when it comes out on TOP 5 RECORDS in Europe this spring, or B: keep your eyes peeled for the LP comin out in the summer. **NOT SHITTY**

A review of the album's artwork: Crusades has a rad logo, so they're off to a solid start on album design already. It's in a gothic font with an inverted cross dropping from the 'C', and the little silhouette of a group of children holding hands in a circle underneath the last three letters. The main art on this EP cover is an old stock photo of a little blonde girl praying. It's a tight shot on her hands and face, and her black eyes look terrified. If you go to crusades.ca, you can see the covers of their upcoming releases too. They're in the same theme, and they all look incredibly rad. **NOT SHITTY_{BJ}**

DIE ERSTEN MENSCHEN - APOCALYPSE NOW & THEN LP (Bachelor, Austria)

Oh shit! Rippin garage punk from (I'm assuming -- there was no press kit) Austria that sounds like early BLACK LIPS, DEMON'S CLAWS and STRANGE BOYS, but with a lot more of a '60s influ-

ence than any of those guys. A LITTLE bit of paisley finds its way in here, but mostly D.E.M. draw from the harsh, stabby, savage, howling kinda garage that was fuelling all those teenage degenerates 40-some years ago -- and keeps fuelling some of them today.

Nothin's being revolutionized here or anything, but if you want a good solid garage album to stomp around and get drunk to, you could do a HELLUVA lot worse than these 13 cuts. It's a hit! **NOT SHITTY_{BJ}**

THE HOLY COBRAS - FOREVER LP (Telephone Explosion, Toronto)

Here's how to take a rave and make it punk: First, you gotta remove any and all 'positive energy,' 'everything's airie' bullshit. Replace that nonsense with snarled, distorted messages of soul-taking and night fighting. If you find bright colors anywhere, tattoo black daggers and inverted crosses over 'em til they don't exist anymore. Keep the music droney, repetitive and druggy, but chop each track's length by at least half-an-hour. Limit things to dark, mumbled growls; punishing human robot drumming; bass lines that get the blood pumping like it does when you're hoppin around before a fist fight; weird tape loops and spoken word samples that randomly come at you from the murky darkness; and guitar drenched in feedback, distortion, and rock n roll venom -- oh, and piles of reverb for everything to crash through.

If that sounds like your kinda party, Ottawa's HOLY COBRAS have exactly the kinda radical shit you're lookin for. The guitar, bass, drums and vocals lock together in a hypnotic death grip. This record's a throbbing, pulsing, dark-psyche nightmare you can dance to. Buy this LP, buy all their back catalogue (if you CAN), and see them live every single chance you get, cuz these guys and girl are KILLIN IT. **NOT SHITTY**

A review of the album's artwork: It sticks with the same psyche-y font as most of their other releases (consistent themes always gets you bonus points here), and this one's got a goat head on a tattooed human body. Super black, super goat-y, super badass. A good representation of the album. **NOT SHITTY_{BJ}**

THE HUMMS - LEMONLAND LP (Bachelor, Austria)

This LP is an amazingly produced collection of slime-spewing, psychedelic garage rock. The Humms is Zeke Sayer pretty much playing every instrument on this record, oh and Zeke recorded/produced the whole thing too. He keeps things rolling along by going all over the musical map, from rowdy country tunes to punk to dream pop with a few acoustic tracks thrown in for good measure.

I'd hate to compare the Humms to any other band cuz they sound more like 20 different bands, so it's kinda like listening to a really good compilation with consistent vocals. This whole mash-up of catchiness is ended with a lovely fingerpicked song called 'When I Wake' which is pretty much 'You are my Sunshine' with different lyrics.

Not the most original album, but since when has that stopped anybody from making good music? **NOT SHITTY**

A review of the album's artwork: Just a face with some squiggly lines drawn around it, and a standard cut-and-paste' punk collage. Nothing too special but definitely **NOT SHITTY_{CD}**

INDUCED LABOUR - s/t 7" (Pleasance, Toronto)

Serious punk/thrash gold from Toronto, this blood red plate of terror will scare your parents and your boyfriend/girlfriend into leaving you. They will then straighten up and fly right after seeing what could have been if they had made the wrong life choice. One day they will have a house, a car, a spouse, kids, and no soul. You made the right choice and are crawling through the drudge of life robbing blind people of their seeing eye dogs to sell on the black market for meat. **NOT SHITTY**

A review of the album's artwork: The cover was drawn by Leslie Predy who is also the talent behind the weird-canada.com logo and vocalist of Induced Labour. She will slam into you and you will deserve it. The back type was done by Jesjit Gill who is a Toronto body builder. The insert is a typewritten sheet WITH LYRICS. SING ALONG. **NOT SHITTY_{PR}**

LIVING BY YOURSELF (IE WANTED: A GIRL THAT LIKES THE CARBONAS AND SMASHING THINGS)

Recently, my girlfriend and I separated. I've had to move out on my own... solo, for the first time. I know, real sad blah, blah, blah etc. And hey, it is for sure. But, let's not deny there's a significant part of you that's saying to yourself: "Holy FUCK, let's party! I'm going to sit on the front porch and whip eggs at hot girls that walk by, blast Megadeth all day and bathe once every six days!!!"

Yeah, well, then reality sinks in. Which is this: you're not splitting bills with anyone, you've got a bunch of actually retarded kids that live upstairs (that can make more noise than you can) and you're stuck having to clean everything yourself. Not to mention, you've just turned 30 and all your friends are getting married/having kids, work late or have better things to do than get drunk with you during the week (or other various boring/pussy bullshit).

So, in a nutshell, it's not all fun and games IE "shitting with the door open", as the Brutal Knights song 'Living By Yourself' goes. But, I digress. As time has passed, it's grown on me a little more. The clown shoes who lived upstairs moved out (thank fuck; can someone tell these jock nerds that singing "Ole, Ole, Ole!" is really awesome?), I've made my pad look quite nice and I can sit around and do whatever I want when I happen to be home. I'd still rather have someone around to tell me that I'm not funny, or to laugh at whatever ridiculous nonsense we've found on the internet that day, but I suppose it'll do for now. **KINDA SHITTY**_{SA}

MENTAL RESCUE - A NEW AGE OF TERROR 7" EP (Toxic State, Brooklyn)

Members of Germ Attak and Inepsy (if I've got your attention already, and you hadn't heard of this shit by now, you're done reading this and are trying to track it down, so I'll aim this review at people who don't know these bands already) teamed up to bring you some crazy-fast '80s style hardcore punk (think patches-and-'hawks, not bandanas-and-skateboards or shaved heads-and-shorts).

The vocals are thick n rough (think Poison Idea, or - hey - Inepsy), the bass strings sound like they're gonna bounce right off, the guitar goes from string-melting slashing to lightning-fast picking before you know it, and I don't think the drums can take much more — there must be five perfectly-coordinated guys playing that thing all at once. Slash, burn, stab, yell, awesome. **NOT SHITTY**_{BJ}

MERCHANDISE - (STRANGE SONGS) IN THE DARK 12" EP (Drugged Conscience- Naples, FLA/Katorga Works-Brooklyn, NY)

It took a couple lopsided cassette EPs to reach the point they're at now, but Merchandise have definitely hit the nail on the head with this one. These ex-Cult Ritual dudes take some kind of twisted Archers of Loaf/Sebadoh approach to the traditional British post-punk we know and love, then pasted its balls to the walls with the same oozing bucket of feedback they've become famously well known for with their other full-time project, Neon Blud. The seven tracks on Strange Songs bounce back and forth from gothic slo-jamz to fuzzed-out anthemic bangers with layers and layers of vocal and synth tracks weaving between tight syncopated drum machine rhythms and live booming kickdrum pulses. The incredible hooks in 'Locked the Door' and 'Worthless Apology' will seal the deal for any non-believers. **NOT SHITTY**

A review of the album's artwork: Nothing that will blow your mind, but the full-colour pro jackets and insert show that Drugged Conscience have seriously stepped up their game. Possibly the influence of Katorga Works, but I'm not complaining. **NOT SHITTY**_{CP}

MESS FOLK - THIS IS MESS FOLK LP (Bachelor Records, Austria)

Every review for MESS FOLK mentions the national embarrassment that is the Sydney Tar Ponds and how depressing that town is. From experience, I assure you that it truly is as abysmal, bleak, sad, broken, dirty and desolate as they say. Boarded up stores and sketchy people knowing that if they stick it out in the gateway to Cape Breton (it blows my mind that something so shitty is located on land that is so pretty), they will most likely get cancer.

Mess Folk, brainchild of one Philip Tarr (is he named after the pond?), embodies the depravity and decay of the town and spins the whole thing upside down. This record is totally blown out, like it was recorded on a tin can telephone directly to a broken tape recorder. Nihilistic lyrics, occasional Cure bass lines, James Williamson solos, female guest vocals thrown in a blender forever, until this tar-soaked sludge is born. **NOT SHITTY**

A review of the album's artwork: The artwork is a little bit lackluster, just the cover to the tape most of these tracks were lifted off of, poorly scanned, and generic track listing on the back. I guess you can't judge a book by its cover. **KINDA SHITTY**_{PR}

MONGREL ZINE #9

The latest issue of Vancouver's garage-punk bible MONGREL ZINE is packed with over 100 pages (holy shit!) of interviews, reviews (of the album, zine AND show varieties), a Sled Island Festival report, a short story, and exactly one (1) hilarious comic strip-style "interview" with NU SENSÆ (by Nic Greasy, who's in a trashy Calgary garage band called TOPLESS MONGOES, which is ALSO interviewed in this issue) and more.

It's a good thing DEMON'S CLAWS and all their spin-offs are so damn good or you'd probably be made sick of them by the time you're done reading this issue (they're seriously in at least like a quarter of this thing, it's crazy, but — hey — they're prolific and hilarious, so what're ya gonna do?)

Apparently Bob and Janelle (and some others, including STD's own Morgan Cook, but mostly Bob and Janelle) threw this issue together in three weeks. That's insane! It takes the whole STANDARD ISSUE street gang three MONTHS

(sometimes longer if there's lots of parties and shows) to get straight enough to crank out one of the 32-page travesities you hold in your hands. Sure, this issue of MZ's got more than its share of typos because of it, but that's to be expected on such an insane deadline (although, the Blue Sunshine interview is a real mess, and the guy who did it never even bothered to explain what exactly 'Blue Sunshine' is — it's not a band, it's some kinda movie thing).

I'm glad to see them including more non-interview content with this issue. Interviews are rad, but they can be a bit much when there's nothing to break them up.

On a negative note, I gotta call Jojo Who out on kinda ripping off Neckface pretty hard with his drawing for his article. FLAGRANT. I liked his article though, raggin on the down-side to Go Skateboarding Day... namely all the hippy, bro-down, we're-a-community aspects of it.

All-in-all, more rad shit from MONGREL ZINE, and it's looking pretty obvious that they're getting the international recognition they deserve. Oh, and there's another CDR comp packaged with this issue. Keep it up, Mongrel! **NOT SHITTY**_{BJ}

MOSCOW MOSCOW MOSCOW - s/t (Eradicator)

There's 6.5 billion people on this planet, so that means, by law of averages, there's gotta be all sorts of crazy thoughts going around. So it's possible there's someone out there wondering what the Indianapolis surf-punk scene is like. Well, if you happen to be that one person on the entire planet, I might've just got your answer in the mail: it's soviet-Russia themed, and it kinda sucks. The listless, trebly sound of the music and vocals coming outta this 45 give me a lo-fi, 90's, mumble-core, indie-pop kinda feeling I just can't shake. Surf punk's supposed to be a party, but that shit's about as much of a party as a prostate exam. So, I'm sorry, guys, maybe I'm totally off-base, but this one just doesn't sit well with me. **SHITTY**_{BJ}

NEEDLES//PINS - KALIFORNIA KORNER b/w DROP IT 7" (Scum Buzz, Vancouver)

Adam Solomonian. A dude that's been a notorious heavyweight in the history of the Ottawa scene for the last ten years (The Transit, Miles Between Us, etc...). For those of you who aren't familiar reading this, let's just say he may be one of the most talented recent musicians to ever call Ottawa a home. So, it's with much relief for many Ottawa natives — including myself — that Solly has finally put some tunes to wax since his departure to Van-city. Needles//Pins

are a solid combo featuring soon-to-be Dr. Solly on guitar/vox, along with another Ottawa-born member, Tony Last-day, on bass and true westerner Macy on the kit.

After two solid cassette-only releases, two of the best tracks from their latest recording session have made their way onto this single from the Scum Buzz imprint. The band themselves are solidified and scaled-down, yet complex. To call them simple would be totally inaccurate. While the songs stick to a formula, they're layered with licks and vocal hooks to keep you completely interested throughout. Pop songs with a Nobunny-meets-The Replacements vibe, done in budget rock fashion. These guys and gal could play up and down the west coast on a regular basis and I'm sure they'd have a hardcore following and full length record out in no time. "Drop it" is the major jam on this record, for sure. Easily one of my favourite tracks of theirs. Now, we just need to get the rest of the disc on vinyl, post-fucking-haste! **NOT SHITTY**_{SA}

NIHILIST CUNT - YOU'RE NEXT 7" (Suburban White Trash, Colorado)

Unrelenting, breakneck speed, female-fronted, no-frills hardcore from outta Martinez, CA. The sound's pretty typical, but I can't hate on it: the whole thing's so incredibly soaked with rage, adrenaline, offensive shit (read the review of the album art), and an overall sense that these four are havin a rad time crankin out their 30-second long tirades (targets include religion, jobs, school, shitty merchandise, the crazy bald lady who keeps screaming and won't let poor Becca Berk sleep, etc...), that the more I listen to it, the more I like this 11 (!)-song EP. Start scopin your bedroom out for good spots to hide this 7" from your mom, cuz you should definitely get it if you get the chance (and your mom should definitely never see it). I wanna see these guys live. **NOT SHITTY**

A review of the album's artwork: The front cover's got the pope being forced at gunpoint to go down on a tattooed chick while her heel digs into his back. This cover offends me for obvious reasons: the chick's got a tribal tattoo. A lyric sheet's included, and mine came with a sticker and a pin! Cool. **NOT SHITTY**_{BJ}

OFF! - FIRST FOUR EPs boxset (Vice, Brooklyn)

Haters are gonna brush this new band of old dogs off with two empty complaints: "It's on Vice and HIPSTERS read Vice!" (translation: if there's a chance more than 10 people in my city might end up liking this band, I won't feel cool namedropping them) and "Hardcore's for the YOUNG, maaan!" (translation:

thinking about how much better than MY band this old man band is is giving me erectile disfunction, and that's something someone Keith Morris's age should be dealing with, not me).

Anybody else'll listen to this and get stoked... as long as they're into fast 'n' pissed '80s-style hardcore rippers that make you wanna go nuts and skateboard. In case you didn't know, this is a punk rock supergroup with Keith Morris (BLACK FLAG, CIRCLE JERKS) on vocals, Steve McDonald (REDD KROSS) on bass, Mario Rubalcaba (BATTALION OF SAINTS, ROCKET FROM THE CRYPT, a million others) on drums, and then younger gun Dimitri Coats (BURNING BRIDES) on guitar (and songwriting duties), all wrapped up in Raymond Pettibon artwork... and this boxset proves that every one of these guys definitely still 'got it'.

With 16 super addictive sub-two minute tracks split evenly over four EPs, this boxset's got me flipping platters like I'm goin for employee of the month at McDonald's. **NOT SHITTY**

A review of the album's artwork: The packaging on this is awesome, but it'd be pretty fucked up and pathetic if it weren't, considering there's new weird and hilarious Pettibon pieces all over the thing. **NOT SHITTY**_{BJ}

PEACH KELLI POP - s/t LP (Going Gaga, Ottawa)

This innocent pop music takes me back to the care-free days when I was an 11-year-old girl. I'd lay on my unicorn duvet and stare out the window, thinking about the cool boy at school that I'm totally crushing on. Then I'd think about what to make next in my Easy-Bake Oven. A cupcake? Or maybe a --

Wait, that never happened, because I'm a grown man with grown man problems, so I personally like my pop music infused with a little aggression or dementia. However, I can still appreciate that this record is loaded with catchy hooks and that the structure of the songs keep you wondering what's next. The homemade recordings give it a unique sound, though the performances could use more energy. 'Badd News' is the track that stands out for me. If you like the cute music that's been coming out of San Francisco lately, you will definitely like this album. **NOT SHITTY**

A review of the album's artwork: Well-made retro theme going on here that features a scantily-clad Peach Kelli Pop on a beach holding a ukulele. Still, I can't help but wonder if it's a creepy way to meet creepy boys. **KINDA SHITTY**_{AP}

PEACH KELLI PUNK - s/t free download (self-released, Ottawa)

If you're like me, you're feeling left out. This is cuz everybody and their mom is goin apeshit for Ottawa's own Peach Kelli Pop's LP, but you yourself just can't quite get behind it. You can TELL she's stepped out from behind the White Wires' drum kit and stepped up to write some great jangley garage-pop tracks, and you could ALMOST love 'em like everybody else, but the whole thing's just a little too syrupy, a little too sweet for you... you feel like you might be able to enjoy the album more if the ENTIRE thing was re-performed and re-recorded by a guy with 'born to die in the gutter' tattooed across his forehead.

That guy is Jo from Ottawa-Gatineau's UK82 killers Germ Attak, and he's done it — he's re-done the entire Peach Kelli Pop LP, right down to pasting his face over Peach's on the front of the LP. What you get here, aside from a less pretty album cover, is a buncha slightly darker renditions of some great garage-surf-r 'n' r tracks. It's like hangin around on the beach in your leathers and studs, battin around a black beach ball. **NOT SHITTY**_{BJ}

THE PERENNIALS - MY SIDE OF THE MOUNTAIN 7" (Eradicator, Indianapolis)

The first song didn't really do much for me. Something about the guitar riff and the descending backing vocals made it sound like any generic "garage" band out there. The second track 'Savannah' and the B-side 'This Whole Town' are driven by the bass guitar and feature jangle-y guitars and nasaly vocals. Seems like they're going for a total Half-Japanese/Violent Femmes thing. There's not much here that makes me want to come back for more. **SHITTY**_{ES}

PLAGUE RATS THROUGHOUT HISTORY - COMORBID 7" EP (Primitive Air Raid, Winnipeg)

There was no press kit or anything with this and the minimalist album art gives no clues at all, so I'll just make up my own info about this band from what I'm hearing on this crazy-fast, slightly weird, synth-punk record with really long song names: these guys are tall and skinny and have some kinda "look" to them, like nerdy grade-school kid haircuts or Spock ears or some shit. They list '50s sci-fi movies among their influences. They proudly describe their sound as 'jittery' and 'awkward' (or something like that) but definitely 'frantic'. The singer makes wide-eyed faces and angular movements as he warbles out his shrill, panicky vocals, but the keyboardist looks bored (cuz that's his "thing") as he cranks out his oozy sci-fi lines. The guitar player... never mind, side A's over and I really don't see the point of continuing. You're

either down with this or you're not. I'm not, but YOU might be. **SHITTY**_{BJ}

Pop. 1280- THE GRID 12" EP (Sacred Bones Records- Brooklyn, NY)

I'd love to just call this "fucking awesome cyberpunk," draw obvious comparisons to the Birthday Party, Pussy Galore, or the Screamers and call it day, but that still wouldn't give The Grid the justice it deserves. Equally as crude as it is slick, Pop. 1280's first 12" paints New York City as some sort of post-apocalyptic den of sin where it's either kill or be killed (NOT "be quiet or be killed") and only the twisted and most perverse survive. Six tracks of thuddy, teeth-grinding synth laid over an urgent wiry chainsaw guitar tone spliced with a harshly gurning vocalist that repetitively commands (and taunts) the listener to "STEP INTO THE GRID".

The 12" definitely gets more challenging as it progresses, but that's mainly because the first four songs build on the same simple driving rhythms until they either explode or disintegrate into mere feedback squeals, while the B-side treads some creepier no-wave territory that would drive even the squarest of squares to etch H-E-L-L onto their bare chests. How post-punk made in 2011 can sound this classic but somehow ahead of its time is beyond me, but I'm glad it exists. I can't wait for a full-length. **NOT SHITTY**

A review of the album's artwork: Sacred Bones is really killing it with their 12" series but I'm a sucker for ultra-glossy sleeves. The cover's a blown-out pixilated photo of a lens-flared grid ceiling (who'd a thunk it?) that makes me wish I had two copies of this EP so I could hang one on my wall. Definitely takes the cake for EP cover of the year. **NOT SHITTY**_{CP}

PRISON - NEW HELL b/w BLACK HEART (Psychic Lunch)

I bought five copies of PRISON'S 7" when CMRTYZ a.k.a. PSYCHIC LUNCH RECORDS threw their mind-blowing Vancouver warehouse party in late January, although it was released last summer. PRISON, GRAVE BABIES, INDIAN WARS and an anonymous transgendered guest held a tightly-packed crowd transfixed until the wee hours of the morning that night. I dropped all five of those copies in the mud, along with some other merchandise intended for Neptoon Records. Which became the boner-bonus of getting to give copies of this incredible 7" to four good friends. Given that the artwork is just black on white (although I did get a "limited edition" white on white silkscreen cover for myself), the mud did substantial damage to the jacket and none to the record. Thank god.

This Seattle trio produce 'New Hell' on one side and 'Black Heart' on the other. 'Black Heart' starts out with a garage-thumpy intro, works into an oh-so-velvety sweet heroin wave of a guitar riff with a soft-spoken lyric of love and fear that builds to what sounds like the invocation: "says she'll love me hope this time it takes". Then it goes so fucking rock and roll I lose my shit, walks down to a grinding, thrashy breakdown, then they vary it for the second verse and do it all over again up to a slick finish. JESUS! 'New Hell' is faster, more creepy and chanty. Vocals on this thing are exceptional throughout. Also! When I opened the record a PRISON patch fell out! WIPERS plus speed metal divided by space/time. **NOT SHITTY**_{MC}

P.R.O.B.L.E.M.S. - SWEET LITTLE THING b/w I GOT NOTHIN' (Doomtown Sounds)

I am not a fan of RAWK. I hope you know what I mean by that. These guys have a lot the characteristics of a RAWK band, but they have enough of a punk snarl that it keeps things energetic and angry enough to not sound like a bunch of posers wanking out. The lyrics are pretty typical rawk lyrics but the vocals have a good snarl to them that keeps it interesting. 'Sweet Little Thing' starts with a hammer on/pull-off riff then explodes into some high energy rock and roll. The music is unrelenting and keeps pushing through a couple of verses and choruses until it slows down into a noodle-y riff and a solo starts playing. A big shouted sing-along comes in and the solo keeps going and going. It kicks back into the main part for a few bars and then another solo kicks in long into the fadeout. It's total rock n' roll wankery but for some reason it isn't completely lame. 'I Got Nothin' is a bit more rawk then the A-side but keeps the energy high and the power is still there. I am puzzled as to how I like this as much as I do. I guess it's because the music is way faster, rawer and dirty than most of those shitty rawk bands. The recording is loud and the music rips really hard. There's some great guitar work in there too. I am really surprised at how much I'm enjoying this. **NOT SHITTY**_{ES}

RAZORCAKE #s 58 & 59

I'll start off with my problems with Razorcake. It's too cutesy. It's too wordy. The writers are always writing about themselves. The comics are always about the people making the comics. The drawings mostly look like they're by teenage girls. There's way too much pop punk. No one seems to be editing all the boring bits out.

That last problem's a BIG one. It seems like Razorcake's editors are scared to cut shit people sent them, or edit them in any way, cuz maybe they think that wouldn't be 'punk'; it'd be

like 'censorship' or something. Well, y'know what's LESS punk? Wasting precious money and trees on stuff that's supposed to be funny but isn't, or stuff that's supposed to be interesting but isn't. **CUT THE FAT!**

If you're editing a Razorcake column and the writer keeps talking about some anecdote from his own life and it's supposed to be funny and/or interesting but it's not and/or not: **CUT THAT SHIT.** If there's some sections on page eight of part three of one of your craaaazy long obscure-band interviews that's just dry and awkward, **CUT IT** (just don't fuck up the context or change what anybody said). If someone submits a comic starring themselves about some shit or other they've been thinking about (usually involving pop culture from their childhoods): **THAT SHIT'S BORING, DON'T PRINT IT.** If some guy keeps sending in article after article about wearing a rabbit mask and drumming on small town street corners, **TELL HIM TO STOP.** Who the fuck wants to read that same thing every damn month?

And get rid of Rev. Norb and his doubled-up parentheses — that guy's the worst kinda asshole — a **BORING** one. And get rid of anyone who's always using their column space to 'hmm' and 'haw' and sweat about whether or not they're doing the whole punk rock/DIY/feminist thing 'right' (save it for your diary).

Razorcake's not a total write-off though. The Mark Sultan interview was good. And Jim Ruland's column about Vin Scully, last of the working old-time baseball radio announcers, is **GREAT.** I don't give a rat's ass about baseball, but this interesting, well-written piece made me **WANT TO.** Awesome column. Well done. **KINDA SHITTY_{BJ}**

RAZORCAKE #60

This issue showed up in STD's PO box after I wrote that review of the other two issues they sent us (the review right before this one). All the usual **RAZORCAKE** problems I talked about in that last review are still in here (and **MORE:** an interview with **DRAKE?!** I love Nardwuar as much as the next guy, but **DRAKE?!**), but overall, this has gotta be the **BEST** issue of **RAZORCAKE** I've ever read.

There's a real-long, packed-with-tips-and-info article on how to start your own DIY record label. I didn't finish it cuz it was long, and the writing was pretty dry, but how rad is that? That's exactly the kinda shit a punk mag should be printing: useful information to keep punk strong. He based it on his own experiences, but also on the experiences of a whole bunch of others running their own labels (including Ken Dirlap), and their quotes are all over the article. It also has good illustra-

tions accompanying it. They're by a guy named Craig Horky, and they're like the 'Let's All Go To The Lobby' characters, but they're records and tapes and booze and smokes and recording equipment.

There's a real interesting review with Wyn Davis, owner and head engineer of the **TOTAL ACCESS** recording studio, where all the **SST** records were cut. Whether he's talking about early '80s **LAHC**, or recording, or the state of the music industry, he's got a lot of interesting shit to say.

And so do the **RED DONS** in their interview. Some **GNARLY** fuckin anecdotes in this interview, concerning living as an American in the Middle East. The whole interview's a good read, even if I haven't gotten into the band nearly as heavily as every one of my friends has (full disclosure: **STD's** own Dave Williams -- who's also a **RAZORCAKE** staffer -- did this interview; but it really is good).

Even some of the columns were good. One's about the filthiest parts of really old novels -- basically, dude saves you thousands of pages of slogging through archaic english and just goes ahead and tells you all the sex, shit and dick parts of some of the most revered english-language novels of all time. Shit gets hectic.

Another column's got an anecdote about a husband/wife team of underground tattooers that'll come set-up at your home, and a bit of an ode to black market taco trucks. Pretty cool.

Even one of the comics (Won Ton Not Now) was kinda cool. There was **AT LEAST** as much genuinely good shit as there was annoying shit in this issue of **RAZORCAKE.** I really liked reading most of what I read. Stoked. **NOT SHITTY_{BJ}**

RED MASS - SADNESS cassette (Bruised Tongue, Ottawa)

So it's like 3am and despite the fact that I have work early in the morning, I'm forcing myself to stay awake to get through this tape. All of the sudden I slowly start falling asleep (with the tape still playing) unaware of the fact that my sweet cotton candy dreams will slowly turn to blood-boiling night terrors.

My nightmare stars Satan and I'm pretty sure he's either trying to come on to me or just trying to bum money. Whatever he's doing it's creeping the shit out of me to the point where I have to either let the Prince of Darkness have his way with my body, or lend him 20 bucks.

Just as he's about to reach into my pocket (hopefully for the money), I wake up and realize it's all just a fucked up Red Mass-induced nightmare, and I can

honestly say that this tape has scared the shit out of me...in a good way.

...and the music is really good. **NOT SHITTY**

A review of the album's artwork: It's the most depressing dark picture of zombie Jesus ever. Very fitting. **NOT SHITTY_{CD}**

THE SLIT PLASTERS - IT SMELLS LIKE HELL OVER HERE... 7" (Chorizo-loco)

This is not for me. Or anyone else for that matter. It sounds like the band from Ghost World, Blueshammer, who butchered the classic blues style, except with garage rock. They are from Vatican City and are probably going to Hell for this, which is probably for the best. **SHITTY**

A review of the album's artwork: Boring mishmash of six different typefaces and grade 10 art project scribbles. The center labels look okay though. **KINDA SHITTY_{PR}**

SPASTIC PANTHERS - ROCK AND ROLL BEASTS 7" EP (Handsome Dan, Calgary)

Eight relentlessly fast, funny, and snotty tracks from four Calgary dudes who like to show off their bass player. The style's in the same vein as **CAREER SUICIDE**, but not as impossibly perfect as **CAREER SUICIDE.** But this is still really good. If anyone tried to tell me these guys' hometown shows aren't sweaty, booze-soaked ragers with all their denim-vested buddies crowding the pit and climbing over each other to sing along, I'd call them a fuckin liar. **NOT SHITTY_{BJ}**

THE STRAWMEN - JACK RABBIT 7" (Foul & Fair, Coverdale, New Brunswick)

NICE! The title track is a straight-up frantic, adrenaline-soaked ripper, sounding like **THE GUN CLUB** if they had a slightly purer rockabilly sound — the singer even sounds a lot like Jeffrey Lee Pierce, yelps and howls and all. The bass, guitar and vocals never threaten to let up, but the drums keep kickin them in the ass all through the track anyway, just to make sure they don't. Shit gets **TORE UP!**

The b-side's got a real rad cover of The Compulsive Gamblers' 'Sour And Vicious Man', nicely downtempo and sombre and done with Greg "Oblivian" Cartwright's personal blessing... badass for sure. Then shit wraps up with a harmonica-accompanied Bob Dylan-y number. Top to bottom, straight-up-and-down, I love this 45. Keep an eye on **THE STRAWMEN** and keep an eye on this brand new label. **NOT SHITTY_{BJ}**

SUGAR STEMS - SWEET SOUNDS OF... LP (Bacehlor, Austria!)

Good god, that's some swanky cover art. Seriously, not far removed from some major-label standard type of album cover. Full of colour, great band shots, and grade-A design. It's amazing how long it took for this LP to make it in my rotation, considering how great it looks. Plus, I already knew of The Sugar Stems and had a feeling I'd dig it before the first spin, but I recently moved, and my records have been in total disarray. That aside, the art speaks well of what to expect from the tunes wedged within these grooves. It looks like a Muffs record, and hell, it even kind of sounds like a Muffs record. That's a good thing! Super slick production you'd expect from Justin Perkins, but a lot slicker than the rest of the Dusty Medical/Bachelor Records roster (this is the Bachelor version, by the way, cuz the label **RULES**). Actually, it's almost shocking to see this release on these labels. Personally, I think it's great to see variation with the strong output of their catalogs, cuz they don't seem to miss a beat either way.

Back to the music: the LP is packed with clean guitars and catchy female vocal melodies. Not to be confused with the thin sound of a trashy power-pop record; this monster recording sounds big and wide, yet simplistic. You know, there's even a slight rockabilly/country-western vibe at times. Still, not far removed from a pop-punk record. Am I getting too descriptive? Fuck it - this LP's a hit. And while it might be too poppy for most, people — after all — are idiots. Sugary? No shit. And goddamn it, am I hooked. Can someone ask Betsy if she'll be my girlfriend for me? **NOT SHITTY_{SA}**

THE TOUCH-ME-NOTS - KEEP TALKIN' LIKE THAT b/w HARD TO FORGET (Classic Bar Music, San Francisco)

I've been on a huge Reigning Sound kick as of late so my ears are very sympathetic to this kind of sound right now. Both of these songs are well written and recorded. It's pretty laid back rock n' roll and the B-side even has a bit of a country feel to it. It's definitely classic bar music and would be great a great soundtrack to sitting around at a bar and having a few drinks with friends, which is the goal of the records being put out on this label. In that context, this record hits the nail on the head. I personally wish it had a little more intensity and energy to keep me coming back. I won't really be reaching for this single too often, but I'm curious to see what they would have to offer in the future. **NOT SHITTY_{ES}**

THE VIBRATING BEDS - s/t 7" (Transistor 66, Winnipeg)

These guys (and girl) from cold cold Winnipeg play a snappy combination of

rhythm 'n' blues, some '60s pop, a bit of '50s rock, rootsy gospel and a handful of garage, all topped off with rough-edged, soul-style female vocals. The easiest comparison I can make is to Montreal's THE SUNDAY SINNERS.

The A-side ('What You Do To Me') is the real winner for me here; it's fast and the verses have some great hooks. The chorus isn't as good as the verses, but it's only a small fraction of the song (a couple guitar slashes and drum crashes and shouted gang vocals, and it's over before you know it). All in all, pretty great song.

The B-side's solid too. The two songs that make it up are slower than the A-side and definitely leave you feeling like you've heard some bits and pieces before in classic songs, but you can't quite place them.

This 7" is some cool shit that's definitely good enough to merit a 'NOT SHITTY,' but I'm looking forward to the day these guys release something that blows me away, cuz I feel like it could definitely happen. This 7" kinda felt like a tease for that day. I hope I'm right, cuz this shit's right up my alley, but the VI-BRATING BEDS just don't seem to have things fired up ALL THE WAY yet. **NOT SHITTY**

A review of the album's cover art: Boo! It's just a white block font (the letters are all slightly tilted different ways, but still) against some yellow lines slicing horizontally through a black background. It looks good, so it's not shitty enough to merit a 'shitty' but it's definitely not good enough to merit a 'NOT shitty.' What it comes down to is this: how many times in your life do you put out a record? Unless you're Raffi or Tupac, not many. So put some effort into making your album covers awesome. And maybe then more kids'll shell out to buy it and "stop all the downloadin" (remember those GI JOE PSAs that guy did?). **KINDA SHITTY**_{BJ}

WAITING FOR MY DOG TO GO TO THE BATHROOM

It's colder than five Siberias outside and I gotta stand here and watch my dog circle around and around, go in for the approach, squat, change her mind, circle around and around and around, repeat, do it again, circle, circle, circle, squat, change her mind again, go to a new spot, do the whole thing over again. And maybe again after that.

All this to try to make sure the approach, the squat, the timing, the direction, the longitude, the latitude of the (eventually) chosen spot are all fuckin PERFECT for a shit or a piss she's gonna forget all about two seconds after it's done. You'd think with all these com-

plex calculations she's obviously running through her pea brain to make everything perfect, she wouldn't ever end up pissing on her own foot, but what the fuck do I know?

C'mon, Zoe! It's not your first fuck, it's your fifth shit of the day! Just do it and lemme get back in the apartment. This is ridiculous. **SHITTY**_{BJ}

WHITE WIRES - "LET'S GO TO THE BEACH" music video

A bunch of morons in swimsuits sing and dance around at the beach... this might've been annoying if it was shot on a cruise ship or a sunny day in Miami or something(sorry, BLACK LIPS). Actually, the WHITE WIRES and their fellow revelers look so unaffected and devoid of any sort of douchiness here that you could probably drop them into an episode of Laguna Beach and make it not suck. But this party was shot in the SNOW, on a winter's night, in OTTAWA.

THAT is total rebellion; against the harsh winter, and the icier reality of living in a government town. This video captures the spirit of the WHITE WIRES perfectly: frostbite warning or bylaw violation, day or night, snow or sleet... let's go to the beach! **NOT SHITTY**_{NG}

WHITE WIRES/MEAN JEANS - split 7" (Dirtnap, Portland)

Oh shit! A split 7" starring two of THE best catchy punk bands around! Ottawa's own garage-pop champs THE WHITE WIRES on one side and Portland's retarded geniuses THE MEAN JEANS on the other! The WIRES offer up 'Please Write,' a rough 'n' ready, harmony-heavy low-key number. With its laidback bass line, earnest vocals, mid-tempo, and all-around raw-version-of-a-1960s-prom-night-rock-and-roll-combo feel, this is like one of those "last dance" songs of the party. The snappy drums'll keep all the drunks dancing, though. A solid track, but it doesn't rank as one of my favourite WHITE WIRES songs.

If the WWs song is a party-closer, 'R U Mental' from the MEAN JEANS side is a party-STARTER. This is a spray-your-beer-on-the-ceiling, dive-off-the-fridge, make-out-with-the-dog kinda track. It opens with some wild guitar and drums and some 'oh oh oh's, then the verse vocals come in and they speed along kinda subdued with nothing but a rumbling beat punctuated by guitar flourishes, then shit gets launched into seventh or eighth gear when everything else kicks in. (At this point, the host of the party should resign himself to the fact that his house is FUCKED.) This track rips! **NOT SHITTY**

A review of the album's artwork: Good, solid cover design all-around, but my favorite part was figuring out

how the artist flipped, inverted, and/or cropped the letters from the WHITE WIRES' logo to jimmy up a MEAN JEANS logo in a matching font. Y'know: turn a 'W' upside down to get a much-needed 'M', chop the stem off a useless 'h' to make it a coveted 'n'. That sorta thing. If you've got time on your hands and/or are a drug addict, you'll probably have fun with that too. **NOT SHITTY**_{BJ}

WHITE WIRES - WWII LP (Dirtnap, Portland)

Writing about the White Wires is like trying to explain your best friend to someone who doesn't know them. You want to hit all the marks to really sell them into maybe going camping all together, but you don't want to seem overly enthusiastic. But forget that! The White Wires are probably the best thing going in Ottawa right now — so catchy, so much fun, great people, GOOD LOOKING (I'm looking at you Luke!), smart, respected, cool, stylish, hard-working, sweet, helpful and more! We are so lucky we get to see them a couple times a year more than everyone else on the planet. Buy this record, well, when it's back in print. **NOT SHITTY**

A review of the album's artwork: Reminds me of Kraftwerk's Man-Machine cover, looking out over a beautiful and bright future. Black and white because it is a classic. **NOT SHITTY**_{PR}

XXXmas - s/t CDR (free, self-released, Ottawa)

Download at: theknifeisthelaw.tumblr.com
This is exactly what everyone needs for Christmas: the sound of four young, excited men singing hilarious dirty lyrics into your ears. Throughout this lo-fi album they remind you that all Christmas music, and Christmas itself, is a funny joke that should be exploited to its full potential. There are some great pop songs, wild rockers, some experimental stuff and even an old school rap. All of it made by members of The Girlfriends, The Mistress, The Polymorphines, and Vanfire. I can't believe they all dedicated time and effort towards making something that's only relevant for one month per year, but I'm sure glad they did. **NOT SHITTY**

A review of the album's artwork: It's a sad attempt at using a computer to make art but that's probably what they were going for, or had time for. **SHITTY**_{AF}

YEAR ZERO - YEAR ONE CD (Young Modern)

STOKED ON THIS! Y'know, there are times when I DON'T wanna listen to something that sounds like a gang fight on a pile of drums and guitars recorded through a drive-thru intercom. When one of those moments of weakness grabs me, this YEAR ZERO CD — that

generously puts their first cassette (the No Tongue For Eros full-length on BRUISED TONGUE) together with seven new tracks, all for the price of one — is the kinda shit I might throw on. This is melodic, well-produced punk rock.

And by "melodic, well-produced punk rock," I don't mean the kinda wussy fake punk cranked out and consumed by mallrats with angled haircuts. YEAR ZERO's got tons of hooks and harmonies, but it still sounds like it was made by grown-ass men men who work jobs and come home and drink beer and listen to records.

This Ottawa band's made up of some ex- and current members of bands like SICK FITS, MOTHER'S CHILDREN, MILLION DOLLAR MARXISTS and SEDATIVES who got together to form a band that sounds nothing like any of those bands.

This, to me, sounds like MARKED MEN mixed with something I'm not too familiar with -- like AGAINST ME, or AMERICAN STEEL, maybe? Throbbing bass lines, galloping drums, some occasional guitar bits that sound like dirty DEAD BOYS-style rock n roll (attn: DEAD BOYS fans who are now stoked to run out and get this record: this band sounds NOTHING like the DEAD BOYS), and two different and distinct lead vocalists who both sound awesome. Sing-along, fist-pumping music. **NOT SHITTY**_{BJ}

ZAMUT NEVAGNU ENIARROL - SIGNALS FROM ORIGIN FIVE cassette (Beniffer Editions, Toronto)

Last, Something Draining. Long Slept Dogs. Later Dated Stepsister. Labour Spilled Downward. Logs Sawed, Defeated. Life Street Detour. Lovers Scared, Dosed. Lingering Spread Disease. Lapsed Spaces Drained. Leopards Singing Death. Lawyers Singling Deadbeats. Lousey Stupid Deer. Lazy Single Dad. Layered Slime Drain. Little Sad Daughter. Lost/Spent Digging. Lot Sandy Dug. Loop Sounds Definitely. Loud Snoring Death. **NOT SHITTY**

A review of the album's artwork: All of the things that Beniffer put out are pretty special. Screen-printed cards, eccentric cases, great design, and an awesome logo. Who needs more? **NOT SHITTY**_{PR}

GOT SOMETHING YOU MADE THAT YOU WANT US TO REVIEW? AN ALBUM? A ZINE? A VIDEO? A TURD (PHOTOS ONLY PLEASE)? PUT IT IN A BOX AND MAIL IT TO US! HERE'S THE ADDRESS: PO BOX 87002 / OTTAWA, ON / K2P 1X0 / CANADA



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